RECOLLECTIONS OF A TOWN BOY AT WESTMINSTER

CAPTAIN F. MARKHAM

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A TOWN BOY AT WESTMINSTER

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Little Dean's Yard and the School Entrance.

RECOLLECTIONS

OF

A TOWN BOY AT WESTMINSTER

1849—1855

BY

CAPTAIN F. MARKHAM

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TO

MY OLD SCHOOLFELLOWS

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GENERAL

PREFACE

I HAVE been reading with great interest the very carefully compiled and interesting book lately published by Mr. John Sargeaunt, 'Annals of Westminster School.' The book gives an excellent picture of life at Westminster 'up school,' both past and present, but touches only lightly on the lives of the boys out of school, especially with respect to town boys. The life 'up College' is fairly well described, but life in the boarding-houses is more or less passed over; the reason perhaps being that Mr. Sargeaunt, not being an old Westminster, had no material in the shape of experiences of his own.

When reading his book, old memories kept crowding upon me, and at last I hunted up some sheets of foolscap, and then and there began dotting down these personal recollections of my many pleasant days of school-life during the six years that I was a town boy. The more I wrote the more I called to mind, till it struck me that, if put into book form, my recollec-

tions might prove entertaining, at all events to those who were my comrades at school, and perhaps to those of the later generation.

I was encouraged also in this course by that well-known lover of Westminster, my cousin, Sir Clements Markham, who, after reading my manuscript, strongly urged me to print it, and allowed me the privilege of taking notes and correcting my own memories from a manuscript of his own recollections from 1842 to 1844 as a small boy 'up Benthall's.' These have been of the greatest use to me, quickening my own memory and informing me of many interesting facts and dates of which I had no previous knowledge.

In addition to my having spent six years of my life at Westminster, I can claim to be 'Westminster born and bred.' My father, William Markham, rowed No. 3 in the six-oar *Fly* in the first crew that is mentioned in the Water Ledger; his father, another William, was captain of his 'election' in 1773, but 'abiit' to go to India, where he became secretary to Warren Hastings. His father and my great-grandfather was William Markham, who was captain of his 'election' in 1734, was Headmaster of Westminster from 1753 to 1764, and afterwards Dean of Christ Church, Bishop of Chester, and Archbishop of York. His father, again, though not himself an old Westminster, received his education from Dr. Andrews, an

old Westminster, and was buried in the cloisters of the Abbey.

I note also in the school registers between the years 1764 and 1883 the names of twenty-seven Markhams, besides Wickhams, Murrays, Mures, Laws, Clerks, Goodenoughs, and other relations of my family without end, all educated at the school.

In writing these recollections, I find myself mentioning many of my old comrades who, alas! are dead and gone, but many, also, who are still living, some 'grave and reverend signiors,' and I at first debated in my mind whether I ought to use initials only instead of the names in full; but my Westminster memories are all pleasant ones, and we have all been boys in our time; so I hope that none of my old schoolfellows will take offence, and that many will pass a pleasant half-hour in recalling the delights and escapades of their youth.

To the present Westminsters I must also apologize if, in any wise, I have 'given them away' by these glimpses of school-life of fifty years ago.

I have to thank the Rev. Henry Manning Ingram and my old schoolfellow, Canon Gilbert, for much assistance as to life in College. The school registers and Mr. Forshall's book, 'Westminster School, Past and Present,' have been a check upon me in matters of dates, and I hereby acknowledge my debts to them also.

One of my chief difficulties has been to discover illustrations which would be interesting, and not already published in other works.

Some I have unearthed from old scrap-books, and for others I am indebted to various friends connected with the school: To Mrs. Liddell for an excellent portrait of the Dean. To Canon Gilbert for a copy of an old oil-painting of Little Dean's Yard. To Mr. Arthur Severn and Mr. W. Strudwick for a drawing and an etching. And to my own pencil for a few rough sketches of Westminster life.

At the close of the book will be found a Glossary of Westminster Words compiled by Sir Clements Markham.

FRA. MARKHAM.

MORLAND,
PENRITH,
1903.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A TOWN BOY AT WESTMINSTER, 1849-1855

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CHAPTER I

ARRIVAL AT SCHOOL

'Green'—'Substance' and 'shadow'—'Up Grant's'—House fagging.

I WAS born on October 31, 1837, and was admitted at Westminster School on October 10, 1849, so that I was nearly twelve years old when I arrived.

My home was in Yorkshire, and this was my first visit to London. My father, an old Westminster, came up with me; we travelled up the day before, slept at the Old Burlington Hotel in Cork Street, and came down to Westminster after breakfast on the following day, arriving during mid-day school. When school was over I was taken to see my future housemaster, the Rev. James Marshall, and was installed 'up Grant's'; Reginald Somerville was told off as my 'substance,' and I was also consigned, by my father, to the care of my first cousin, Charlie Mure, son of Colonel Mure of Caldwell, who was 'up Rigaud's.'

My father then left me to fend for myself. I had been, since I was eight years old, at a pretty rough

private school at Southwell in Nottinghamshire, kept by one C. Fletcher, a queer old fellow with a short temper and a thorough belief in the cane as the goddess of discipline and the handmaid of learning; therefore I was not like an unfledged youngster who had never before left home. I was also a strong-built lad, deep in the chest, big-boned for my age, pretty good with my fists, and accustomed to all manner of games.

Charlie Mure took charge of me, and took me into 'green,' where football was going on. He asked me, 'Can you play?' I said, 'Yes.' He said, 'Well, then, you may play out, but if you funk you will be packed into goals.' So I played out then and ever after, and never took a turn in goals.

I must thank Charlie Mure for that. He was a fine strapping, big fellow, 6 feet high, and without an ounce of superfluous flesh upon him; he was about cock of the school at the time, poor fellow!—he left shortly after, joined the 43rd Light Infantry, and, with many other officers of the regiment, was killed in action when storming a native fort in New Zealand, in 1864, the officers not being well supported by their men.

After 'green' Somerville took charge of me, showed me my way about, and put me up to some of the customs of the school. The 'substance' was answerable for 'his shadow' for about a week. It was his duty to see that the 'shadow' brought the correct books up school, to take him to Ginger the bookseller's and to see him properly served out with pens, quarterns, dip, and the class books of his form; also to instruct him as to 'fagging,' 'lock-hours,' 'bounds,' 'cheek,'

'dress,' hours for 'school,' 'green,' 'fields,' and 'water,' and all the minutiæ of school-life.

He thought it well to take me up school early that afternoon; there we had a slight difference, which led to a fight between us on a small scale, in front of the 'lost-box.' I had rather the best of it, and after that the substance left his shadow very much to his own devices; but we were always good friends, and one holiday I stayed with his people at Burford in Warwickshire, where we saw the water of a large pond drawn off, and the men wading about in the mud catching the eels and holding them between their teeth.

Poor Somerville went into College, but left early, joined that fine old regiment, the 23rd Royal Welch Fusiliers, went out with them to the Crimea, and was killed at the storming of Sevastopol. He had two elder brothers at the school at this time—Walter, then a 'senior'; and Everard, then a 'second election.'

When school commenced I was told to take my place behind the 'examination-table.' After prayers I stood up behind the table; the Headmaster and the under-master then came up, leant over the table, and examined me as to my classical knowledge. I was relegated to the Upper Fourth Form—under the Rev. F. F. James, commonly called Jemmy—crossed the school, and joined my future form.

'Up Grant's' I was placed in a room on the second-floor, with windows looking out on Little Dean's Yard, with Ashburnham House, then occupied by Lord John Thynne, the Subdean, beyond, and the Abbey roof and towers closing in the view.

A long washing-stand ran along in front of the window, with a basin for each boy in the room; I think there were five of us: C. G. Slade is the only one whom I can call to mind. The Rev. J. Marshall was in charge of the house, and Mrs. Crowther—commonly called 'Mother Crowther'—was the matron. The house was always called 'Grant's,' and was the centre house in Little Dean's Yard.

On first arrival I was constantly being asked, 'What's your name?' 'Where do you board?' etc. About my second day at school I was washing my hands before afternoon school, when in walked a big fellow called Murray. 'What's your name?' Answer: 'Markham: what's yours?' 'Murray,' said he. I had Murray cousins, so replied: 'I wonder whether we are cousins.' Whereupon he said, 'Cousins indeed! what cheek!' took my basin of water, and threw the water all over me. Thus I learnt the meaning of 'cheek.' It was gross cheek of me even to ask his name, and to claim cousinship was cheek indeed! On referring to the school register, I think this must have been one John Murray Murray, born 1834, admitted 1848.

There were about 140 boys in the school at this time; of these, forty 'up College,' perhaps thirty 'up Grant's,' as many more 'up Rigaud's,' eight or ten 'up Scott's,' and the rest home or half boarders—*i.e.*, not living at the school. W. Waterfield was captain of the school. The seniors were: T. G. B. Connell, E. Balfour, W. Morley, W. D. Somerville, C. H. P. Abbott, A. Marryatt, R. A. Cooke, Tudor Lavie, and

J. A. Morrah; of these, Connell and Morrah left before election-time, and both joined the army, Connell serving in the 46th Regiment during the Crimean War, and Morrah joining the 60th Rifles. W. Waterfield also left, joining—like many of his family—the Civil Service in India.

'Up Grant's' W. C. Macready, son of the great actor, was head of the house—age about seventeen. E. R. F. Evered, C. A. G. Brown, F. A. Whitaker, and G. M. Murray were the older boys of the house. I was going to say 'big boys,' but there was one of them that I think I could have licked even then. I remember him well, for one day he was sitting on the iron fender-rail in the 'inner Chiswick,' when he dropped his book, was too lazy to pick it up himself, and fagged me round from the hall to pick it up for him. He was a nice light-weight for a cavalry officer, joining the 5th Light Dragoons, and becoming Major in 1863.

I was told off as fag to a big, heavy-built fellow called Everard Evered, a kindly, easy-going master, who never overworked or ill-treated me. His name was a badly-chosen one for a man who could not pronounce his *r*'s. He would call to me down the stairs: 'Mawkham, bwing me my fwousty, everwyday bweeches.' One of my duties was to supply him with hot water for shaving in the morning. This was my chief difficulty; hot water was not allowed, and its provision entailed a visit down below to the kitchen, and a daily bribe to, or a daily fight with, the cook. This and the brushing of his clothes, generally folding up

only, and calling him in the morning, were about all I had to do for him, for the cleaning of boots was done for us, and all meals were eaten in the hall.

Whilst talking about house fags and fagging, I must also mention Macready. I do not think I was ever actually his fag, but we had one taste in common which drew us together, and that was that I was considered an expert at making electric machines, which was his fad also at this time. He was then in the Sixth Form, a man in appearance, tall, dark, with sharp features and a good deal of almost black hair. He was, I believe, very like his father, the great actor. He had an electric machine made out of a large round green pickle-bottle mounted on a stand. Finding that I understood the working of this machine, he would send for me up to his room—the first door on the right at the top of the stairs—and proceed to experiment upon me, placing me on two tumblers, and making my hair stand on end, taking sparks out of my elbows, and other delights. One night he sent for me and told me to bring all boys out of the hall up to his bedroom—twelve or fourteen of us. We had to make a ring, all holding hands; he gave his Leyden jar, well charged, to the boy on the right of the line, and I on the left had to complete the circuit by touching the ball on the jar. We had previous experience of his philosophical experiments, and it was agreed that when I touched the ball (or pretended to do so) they were all to writhe about and clasp their arms. This they did. All came off as we planned; old Mac gave a saturnine smile and retired to his machine to refill his jar,

when he happened to touch the ball, and got the full shock intended for the lot of us. He seized me, letting the rest bolt, and I had a very unpleasant interview with him and his cane.

On another occasion he gave me another licking, quite undeserved. He had a younger brother in the house, the very opposite to himself in appearance, short, stout, and with well-rounded cheeks. He rejoiced in the name of Cheeks, or sometimes Young Cheeks. Old Mac heard me call young Mac 'Young Cheeks,' whereupon he seized me and walloped me soundly, saying, 'If you call him Young Cheeks, you evidently call me Old Cheeks.'

Later on I became fag to a Sixth Form fellow named Whitaker. We did not get on well together. I was his fag in the half before he left the school, and at the close of the half I determined to punish him; so, in packing his clothes, I interlarded his evening garments with tooth-powder, putting plenty in the pockets, and made other fancy arrangements to annoy him.

Now, I and my brother Alfred—who had by that time joined the school—living in Yorkshire, had leave to skip morning school on breaking-up day, and to go off early to catch the first train for the North. We therefore rose early, and, as a final adieu to my fag-master, we collected all the wooden chairs that we could find, stole upstairs with them, tilted one chair on its hind-legs so as to rest against his door, which opened inwards, and piled the other chairs thereon, all sloping inwards against the door; we then ran down to the kitchen to get breakfast before starting, when suddenly

we heard a fearful crash upstairs, and before we had time to turn round, in rushed Whitaker with the leg of a broken chair in his hand, and proceeded to lick me with it wherever he could get 'home.' I had a small leather bag with which I defended myself and guarded what I could, but I took a lot home with me, and he had the best of me, after all; yet the tooth-powder gave me the last word. I have never seen him since.

Another of my masters insisted on my finding him a hot roll every morning for breakfast. He found the penny to pay for it, but I had to run daily, after morning school, to Boyd's, the baker in Abingdon Street, for it. A run of about 800 yards, it warmed me up in winter, and kept me in good wind for football.

CHAPTER II

THE SCHOOL AND PRECINCTS

The school — The library — College — Little Dean's Yard — The cloisters—Great Dean's Yard—'Green'—The Bishop's knocker —The Westminster Memorial.

THE school in my time consisted of one large room, length 96 feet by 34 feet, formerly the dormitory of the monks of the Monastery of Westminster, and assigned to the school on December 3, 1599, by a Chapter order. In this room all the forms except the Sixth were taught. It was built of solid squared stone, without plaster or wainscot; on the walls and on the jambs of the windows were cut, or painted in white on black ground, countless names of the old Westminsters of bygone days, some in letters 5 or 6 inches long, such as G. Legge, G. Parry, Dunlop, Bull, and others, some singly, some in pairs, some in long lists of comrades, six or eight together.

The entrance to the school was from Little Dean's Yard, under a very handsome arch of white stone, surmounted by the arms of Queen Elizabeth, up three steps, then a flat, then up more steps, under another arch, which brought you under cover, round a corner to the left, up more steps, and then along a wide boarded

passage, with the library on your right, to the school doors. The arches and the walls on either side of the main flight of steps were of white, smooth, chiselled stone, and cut deeply into the stone were names and dates again, amongst which, on the left hand, may be seen two names on one stone: H. Saunders and F. Markham. This F. Markham is not the compiler of these Recollections, but General Frederick Markham, C.B., for many years Colonel of the 32nd Regiment, who commanded the Second Division in the Crimea. He was invalided home, and died on November 21, 1855. His name and our family arms are on the Westminster Memorial. I can well remember him—a dark, wiry man, of medium height, with his finger in his waistcoat pocket, feeling for the sovereign which always lay in wait for me on the happy days when I met him.

My own name in February, 1901, was still thereabouts, carved by me, together with my chum's (L. V. Williams's), but in a less conspicuous position, cut on a wooden batten behind the door on the right. There was a new batten placed to strengthen the door; it was painted slate colour, it was smooth, and most tempting. I cut the two names, with the down-strokes cut right through to the old wood behind, so that the paint of the old door showed through. The effect was good, but unseen, for that door was never closed when we were in school. I am sorry to find that some of the pieces between the letters have fallen out.

But to proceed up school. The big doors into school itself were closed by means of a screen, with a side swing-door. I think the doors themselves were opened

when the big rush down school took place. On entering you saw rough old oak desks and forms, extending down each side and across the low end. At the upper end was the 'shell,' a deep alcove, with a semicircle of seats and desks within, and in front a long table with forms on each side, one of which had the name of 'Dryden' cut upon it. In front of the 'shell' stood the Headmaster's table and chair.

On the right of the 'shell' there was a low door leading into a room called the 'rod-room.' Here the rods were most artistically made by College John. On the right, going up school, the line of desks was broken by the 'lost-box,' a heavy old oak chest, and on the left by the examination-table, a much newer table, with bookcase below, and swing doors opening to the front. Immediately above this was the old monitors' table, with a long drawer to the front, always half open, with the ends of rods peeping out at either side, and a large pewter inkstand on the top.

Above this the great iron bar, famous on Pancake Day, stretched across the school, formerly used, I believe, for carrying a curtain to divide upper from lower school. In the old days the lower school extended as far as the 'lost-box' on the right, but in my time it occupied only the benches at the low end of school, and upwards to the examination-table on the left. The various masters sat in old, rough oak arm-chairs, each in front of his form. The collegers during prayers all occupied places above the examination-table on the left, the captain and the four monitors at their table, by their rods; the juniors came next, then the

'second election,' then the 'third election,' with the seniors and town boys in the Sixth Form at the top of the room. After prayers the Sixth Form assembled in the library, and the other Queen's Scholars joined their respective forms.

Over the 'shell' were old carved coats of arms. In the centre, inside the 'shell,' were the arms of St. Peter's College, Westminster; on the wall above, the arms of Queen Elizabeth; on either side on the end wall were the arms of Oxford and of Cambridge, with, I think, Christ Church and Trinity on the side-walls.

The floor was boarded, and here and there were names drawn by means of hobnails driven into the floor. The whole of the 'shell' was also a mass of names, all neatly painted.

The roof was open, and built of chestnut wood, and, I believe, extended to the far wall of the 'rod-room'; it was tied across by iron bars—a splendid roof.

The room (now the 'shell' has been removed) is perhaps in its original form, but I must say that I regret the loss of the 'shell,' though I allow that the appearance of the room, to a stranger's eye, may be improved.

The room was lighted by six round-headed windows on each side, two being below the Pancake bar—long windows set deep in the walls, with one upright mullion and two transoms of stone, the windows over the under-master's benches being only half-length. A seventh window on either side has been obtained by the addition of the 'rod-room' to the school.

The forms across the low end of the school were

called the 'petty'; a wide arched window, with oblong lights on either side, without tracery, occupied a large portion of the end wall.

In 1852, on our return from the holidays, we found all the old desks and forms swept away, and in exchange lines of new oak desks and forms, with raised semicircles for each form master, Sixth Form and undermaster included. These semicircles each surrounded a raised daïs, on which each master was provided with a new chair of ecclesiastical pattern, and a desk, with opening lid, wherein to keep his books and the imposes when received.

Strict orders were given that no names were to be cut on these new desks. My brother, Alfred Markham, succeeded in inscribing his name on the outer circle desk of the Fourth Form by hammering the side of a chisel into the wood. When had up for it, he pleaded 'Not guilty,' swearing that he had not *cut* it, but he was 'handed' for it, nevertheless.

There was no Seventh Form in my time; the Sixth Form was the highest, doing its work in the library. The Shell came next, the Upper Shell occupying the benches inside and in front of the 'shell'; the Under Shell next them, on the right of the school; then the Upper and Under Fifth; then came the 'lost-box,' and below that the Upper and Under Fourth, extending to the school doors. The petty benches at the low end of the school were, as a rule, empty, and the Under School (Upper Third and all under) sat on the left of the school, occupying the room as far up as the examination-table.

The school was warmed by hot-water pipes passing along the side-walls, behind and under the back-seats.

I have a vague remembrance of gas in the early winter mornings, and in afternoon school in November and December, but cannot remember how it was arranged.

The library, an entirely separate building, is a handsome room, built by Dr. Busby in 1656, and is almost exactly as it then was, with carved oak bookcases on either side, with the bust of Busby perched on a bookcase facing you as you enter. The fireplace is at one end, and a large round-headed window, looking on to College gardens, at the other.

The books were shut in by brass wire-netting; dust hung thickly over all, and I do not think that the heavy old volumes within were often disturbed by the masters, certainly not by the boys. I never saw the doors of the bookcases open. The ceiling of the library was very handsome, with compartments enclosed by scrolls and wreaths of flowers, in raised plaster-work.

The Headmaster had a fine old carved oak chair, and there were desks and forms across the room between the door and the window, we Sixth Form fellows sitting with our backs to the light, the Headmaster facing the door.

In this room punishment of the first degree was inflicted, but of this I had no personal experience, so can give but a hearsay account, and that in a later chapter.

I notice a great change on the opposite side of the passage to school. A door has been broken through, forming an entrance into what used to be the drawing-

room of the house occupied by Mr. Turle, the Abbey organist. This, I believe, is now used as a classroom for the Sixth Form, the Seventh being taught in the library.

Coming down the school steps, there used to be a door leading into some offices on the left, but these have been removed.

Two large stones stood at either end of the outer steps, on one of which the 'Monos' (*Monitor ostii*) used to stand when shouting 'Quor!'—meaning 'quarter'—before lock-hours in the evening.

I must now describe Little Dean's Yard and the buildings around it.

Turning to the left on coming down school, you find yourself in what we called the 'wooden-racquet court,' with double doors in the centre of the back-wall. These doors led into 'Stoker's,' or 'Stoker's hole,' and here abided 'Stoker,' who had charge of the heating department.

When playing wooden racquets, balls were constantly being hit over into College gardens, and you had either to get 'Stoker' to let you through, or climb up from inside the school arch, and hop along the top of 'Stoker's' wall in a sitting position, till you could descend on the College garden side. Dear old Weare, the under-master, and I were constantly at issue on this point, he asking me to promise not to offend again, to which I always replied that I could not promise, as I knew I should do so again. He quite saw the point of this, and always let me off; he could not 'hand' an Upper School boy.

On the right of this racquet-court was the entrance to College, through rather a mean doorway arranged in an equally mean addition to the main building. This excrescence contained also the staircase leading to the dormitory on the upper floor. An observer with an architect's eye will notice that the lower halves of the end window of the dormitory are closed by this excrescence. Can the Earl of Burlington have forgotten his staircase, and have added it afterwards?

As a town boy I saw very little of College, and it has been so well described by other pens that I shall devote little space to it.

It consisted in my time, and is now but little altered, of a long range of stone building, built 1722 to 1730—handsome so far as the façade towards College gardens is concerned.

The façade consists of a row of arches on the ground-floor, formerly open, but closed by Dr. Liddell in 1847, the arcade being formed into sitting-rooms and studies for the several 'elections.' Above this arcade is a row of blank windows—an architectural feature only—and above these a row of square windows, which give light to the dormitory.

The whole is built of a good and fairly lasting stone on this side. On the Little Dean's Yard side the building is much poorer, being of brick, without windows except those in the upper tier, three of them being blocked up by the under-master's house, which abuts against College.

At the far end was the lavatory, called 'the way,' of

which 'the clerk of the way' had charge, and touching on College Street was the sanatorium, a more modern building.

Inside, on entering, you pass the stairs, and enter the lower story of the main building by a door on your right front. This leads you into a long passage, divided off from the studies of the various 'elections' by a partition formed of corrugated iron. In this passage the matches in throwing the College poker used to take place. In the studies of the three senior 'elections' there were little wooden rooms partitioned off for each boy; the juniors were less well treated.

On the upper story was the dormitory, 161 feet by 25 feet; all the forty collegers slept in this room, the seniors in those days being the only owners of small screened-off places called 'houses,' where they slept and dressed. The rest of the collegers had beds, with a little green half-tester covering above, a bureau with washing-stand on the top, and, I think, a large wooden box at the foot of each bed, and perhaps a chair or a stool at the bedside.

The windows looked out on to College gardens, but were so high up that no view could be obtained either on the upper or lower story.

There were fireplaces in each room below, and two in the dormitory, but the latter must have been a cold place in winter.

'College gardens' was a misnomer. I have seen prints representing Queen's Scholars in cap and gown strolling about in the gardens, or sitting under the trees with a book; but except at election times no boy,

Queen's Scholar or town boy, was allowed in College gardens.

I have never heard what the arrangement as to the gardens was, when all the lower floor of College was an open arcade, with fifteen arches open to the gardens.

In ' the way ' there was a row of offices ; each office had a door swinging on a central pivot by a pin at top and bottom. There was a partition about 2 inches wide between each door. To test a boy's courage, he was made to stand opposite a partition and touch it with the finger-ends of one hand ; then both doors were sent swinging round on their axles: if you kept your hand still you were safe.

Upstairs in the dormitory, on the right as you enter, there were some black frames (up above the bed-testers), in which were set blackboards, whereon were inscribed in gilt letters the names of the successive captains of the school. I am proud to say that the name of my family appears three times on these lists : my great-grandfather's name, William Markham, in 1735 ; my grandfather's, William Markham, in 1773 ; and the name of a brother of his, Osborne Markham, in 1783. I only wish that their descendants had been equally clever, but their mantles had not fallen on either my father's generation or my own.

The south side of Little Dean's Yard was occupied by a range of three houses, built as part of one design by Dr. Markham when Headmaster, about 1755. The one next College was occupied by the under-master, Mr. Weare ; the centre house, with the gable, was Grant's or Marshall's boarding-house ; the end house

was Rigaud's, afterwards James's, formerly Benthall's. On the west side was a wall about 8 feet high, over which the backs of the houses in Great Dean's Yard could be seen; below this was the low arched entry from Great Dean's Yard, with the small door from which the Headmaster always appeared before going up school on your right. On the north side stood Ashburnham House, with a long row of tall windows, with green shutters thrown back against the walls, the roof very high, with dormer-windows let in.

Nearer school, on the north side, was Turle's house, continuing the range of buildings over the arch, into the cloisters, and round the corner till it touched against the archway leading up school.

Ashburnham House was then occupied by the Subdean, Lord John Thynne, and Mr. Turle was the organist to the Abbey. All these houses seemed to be possessed of an inordinate number of chimneys of immense height and queerly cowled.

And now for a walk round the cloisters and Great Dean's Yard.

Passing under Turle's house, you enter the cloisters under a low arch; as you pass along you find, on your left, the organist's entrance and the school for the choristers, and then a row of windows opening into the garden of Ashburnham House.

On your right is the entrance to the Little Cloisters, a dark arched passage under the school leading to this quiet little spot—a small plot of green turf, with arches round and entrances into various houses, in one of which then lived Mr. Gell, long famed for his

splendid collection of stuffed birds. I hope the time-honoured custom of 'the visit to Gell's birds' has not been forgotten.

Returning to the main cloisters, you reach the Fighting Green—a much larger plot of sward, also surrounded by a cloister, with the entrance to the new gymnasium and the old chapel, where the Pyx is kept—on your right. These old buildings, forming the foundation of the present school, are of very ancient date, the vaulted roofs resting on massive round pillars (*temp.* Edward the Confessor). Here the new gymnasium for the school has been arranged.

In my time we town boys used to 'fall in' in this cloister before going into Abbey, and I can remember a dark mysterious doorway with massive iron grating in front, which I suppose was the entrance to the chapel of the Pyx. The entrance to the Abbey was through a small door at the end of this part of the cloisters. We fell in with our backs to the Fighting Green, and in winter a queer row of fat little mortals we must have appeared, as we used to wrap railway rugs round our bodies under our greatcoats, and drop them down over our knees when we got into our pews. Turning the corner to the left, you pass along the walls of the Abbey, against which were fixed many marble slabs, one of these being in memory of my great-grandfather, the Archbishop of York, who was buried there. At the end of this length was another door into the Abbey. Turning to the left, you continued round the Fighting Green till you reached again the main cloister. One side of the Fighting Green we have

missed; here there was a massive slab level with the walk, which we called 'the Giant's Grave,' about 4 yards long by 2 yards wide. Carved on it is 'GERVASIUS BLOIS ABBAS. 1106.' I think this inscription must have been recut, as it could not have stood 800 years' wear of foot-passengers and football in the cloisters.

The fights and doings in connection with the Fighting Green must occupy another chapter.

Leaving this green, we pass on to Great Dean's Yard, with the entrance to the Deanery on your left, and to the court containing the entrances to College hall and Jerusalem Chamber on your right. Entering this court, you see the pent-house roof covering the entrance to College hall, and the windows of that building on your left. The windows of Jerusalem Chamber face you, and the steps leading up to it are in the right-hand corner.

College Hall.—The dining-room of the Queen's Scholars was seldom seen by the town boys, and except when I was a 'min. can.' (*i.e.*, a minor candidate for College), I can hardly remember being inside.

Leaving the cloisters, we pass the entrance to the Deanery on the left, and come out once more into sunlight, finding ourselves in Great Dean's Yard, with 'green'—*i.e.*, the school football green—in front of us. This green was formerly partly built over, and I believe the old dormitory and the granary of the Abbey stood at the lower end; but in Dr. Markham's time these houses were pulled down, and the green was enclosed and devoted to the school. High iron

rails set in heavy stone enclosed it. There was but one entrance, nearly opposite the arch to Little Dean's Yard, and Dean's Yard pump caused the only projection into the enclosed space. The grass was level, but in football time, especially in wet weather, became a black expanse of earth, with a few blades of grass under the small trees which had been planted round the green. Following on round the north side, you passed a modern Gothic building, and then came to a pile of dilapidated buildings which were then being pulled down; these abutted against the archway leading into the Little Sanctuary. Rounding the corner of 'green' you pass Scott's boarding-house, with steps up and down to the entrance; then the Queen Anne's Bounty Office; and then a line of wall, with trees at the back: these formed the west side of the square.

Along the top of the square ran a raised terrace, with a row of houses; I believe the centre house was formerly a boarding-house called Pack-Harness's. Mr. Steward, and later Mr. Hose, our two mathematical masters, had houses on this terrace. At the south-east corner of the square was the archway into Great College Street. The big doors were always closed, but there was a footway, under a smaller arch on the left, divided by a massive perpendicular iron bar, to prevent horses going through.

On the east side of the square were houses of Canons and others. Next this arch was a Prebendary's residence, then occupied by the Bishop of Gloucester, who was a Canon of the Abbey.



THE BISHOP'S KNOCKER.

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The mention of this house reminds me of an episode of my earlier days in the school.

One dark winter's evening, on coming down school, Old Slade—then a colleger, I think, in the second or third 'election'—called me up and said, 'Are you game for some fun?' I said, 'When?' He said, 'Now. Go and get the thickest stick you can find, and meet me at Little Dean's Yard arch in five minutes.'

I was there to time, with what an Irishman would call 'a bit of a twig.' Slade joined me with another bludgeon concealed under his gown. He led the way stealthily to the Bishop of Gloucester's house. The door was painted a beautiful olive green; the knocker, door-bell, name-plate, and letter-box were of brass—all beautifully polished. Slade said, 'Now, then, here you are; you take the bell, and I will take the knocker. When I say "Go!" pull the bell out to full stretch, and give it a good whack with your stick.'

He then passed his stick through the opening in the knocker, holding one hand above and the other below, and said 'Go!' I pulled the bell, which rang loudly, gave it a good whack when it was at full stretch, and off came the handle in my hand. Slade gave a round twist with his stick, and off came the knocker. Each took his share of the spoil, and away we doubled back to Little Dean's Yard, and in for lock-hours.

We heard no more about it, though for some time I was a little shy about passing the door, expecting the butler to pounce out upon me. I have the bell-handle on my mantelpiece.

Why Old Slade, who was quite three years my senior, should have selected a little chap like me for his comrade in this 'Mohawk' business, or why the poor Bishop was to be victimized, I know not. I expect that the new brass knocker was the *fons et origo mali.*

Below this house was one occupied by a Miss Woodgate; then came the arch to Little Dean's Yard, and the Headmaster's house, facing the pump; then Canon Bentinck's house; then a Minor Canon's house, Cope's, (afterwards Sir William Cope of Bramshill); and so round to the Deanery again, completing the circle of what my old school-fellow, the Right Hon. Jem Lowther, M.P., styles 'the Holy of Holies.'

Much of what I have described remains the same in the present day, the chief changes being the rebuilding of Rigaud's, the new yellow bricks being a great contrast to the sombre fronts of its old neighbours in Little Dean's Yard. Ashburnham House, too, is much altered. The old high roof with the dormer-windows is gone, and an upper story has been put on. The Subdean has been ejected, and the building is now used, together with the organist's old house, as part and parcel of the school.

In the cloisters the school gymnasium has been formed, in the vaults supporting the school.

The dilapidated buildings on the north side of Great Dean's Yard have been pulled down and rebuilt.

The Westminster Memorial is also a most interesting addition to the school—well placed, in excellent taste, and well worthy of the many heroes whose names

are inscribed upon it. Many of them were comrades of my own. Facing the Abbey I find H. Bingham, of the 90th Regiment; L. E. Cooper, of the Rifle Brigade; and W. G. H. Bankes, of the 7th Hussars. Facing Victoria Street, my 'substance,' R. H. Somerville, of the Royal Welch Fusiliers; W. W. Jordan, of the 34th Regiment; R. Borough, of the Rifle Brigade; C. Madan, of the navy; and Frederick Henty, of the Commissariat Department; and with Lord Raglan's name is that of my cousin, General Fred Markham, who was admitted in 1814, K.S. 1820; left and joined the 32nd Regiment in 1824, serving in this regiment until he became Colonel of it, and well known as a famous shikaree in North India and Thibet. After he became a General he was sent out to command a division in the North of India, was recalled to command the Second Division in the Crimea, arrived there broken in health, from hurrying to the front in the hot season, was invalided home, and died shortly after his return. Charles Mure, also an old Westminster, was his Aide-de-Camp in the Crimea; he, too, later on gave his life for his country.

CHAPTER III

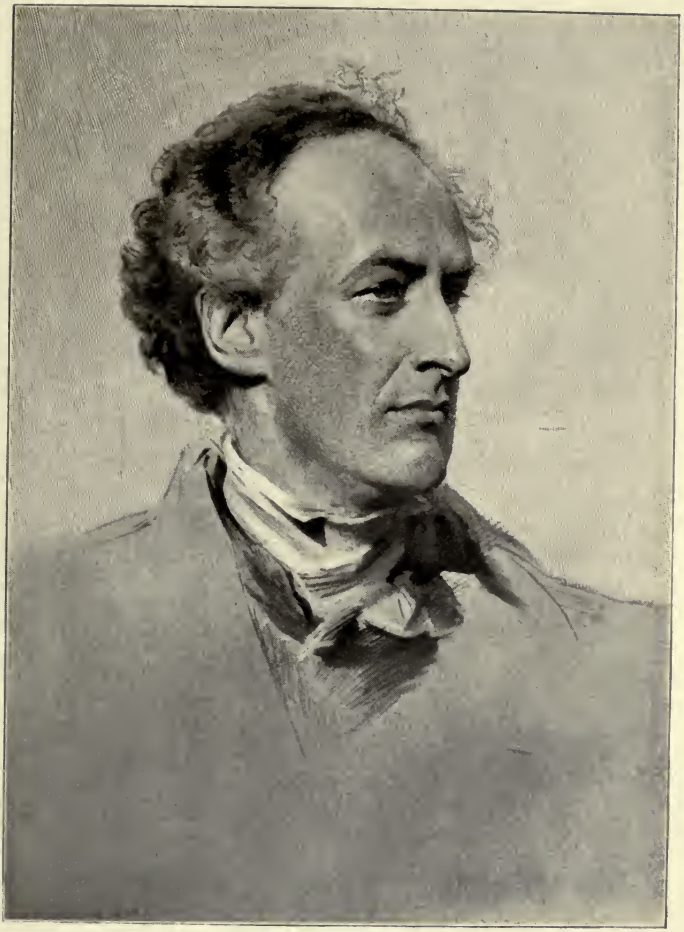
THE MASTERS

Liddell—Scott—Weare—Rigaud—Marshall—James—Lloyd—Hose—Steward—Angelo, etc.

And now I may say a few words about the masters, without giving offence, I hope; for all, with one exception, are now dead and gone, and I have many pleasant recollections of them all.

To commence, the grand figure of Dr. Liddell, our Headmaster, must have the pre-eminence.

I remember him as a tall, handsome man, well set up, and with rather a scornful expression, a thorough gentleman in every way, with a certain grand manner, which made us proud to have him as our Headmaster. His scholarship it is unnecessary for me to praise. He could be stern enough when required, but although on one or two occasions I tried him hard, he was always just and reasonable in meting out the punishment for my offences. My first acquaintance with him consisted of oft-repeated interviews at arm's length, I being sent up for 'handings,' in the centre of the school. These I accepted with the usual expression of scornful amusement which was the etiquette on these occasions. Later on I fought



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DEAN LIDDELL, AFTER RICHMOND.

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through the challenges before him, with but small success, and with little desire to succeed. Latterly I saw much more of him, sitting under him when in the Sixth Form, and being answerable for all rowing matters, as captain of the eight and head of the town boy water.

I am sure that regret was universal in the school when he left us to become Dean of Christ Church in 1855.

The Rev. C. B. Scott succeeded Liddell as Headmaster. We thought at first that we were to have Liddell's coadjutor in the Lexicon, 'Liddell and Scott,' but this was not the case. He struck me as being very small, and wanting in deportment, as compared with our late Headmaster. Liddell, though not an old Westminster himself, was the son of an old Westminster, but Scott was an Etonian without any connection with the school. This made us rather jealous of his being in command. I left at the end of 1855, so saw little of him, except when at work with him in the library. He had a pleasant manner, kept good order, and treated us Sixth Form fellows as men, whom he expected to work of our own accord. He presented me with a copy of Creasy's 'Battles' when I left. I have a caricature of him in an old atlas which I still possess.

And now as to our under-master, the Rev. T. W. Weare. He occupied that position for twenty years. He was an old Westminster, and a good oar in his time, having rowed in the first race against Eton in 1829. He was well liked by all. What his rule was

like in College, of which he had charge, I know not; but he had been a colleger in his time, and knew how things should be. There was a door from his house into the dormitory, and it was his duty to look in every night; but I hear he used always to fumble a bit at the lock before he opened the door. Personally I saw but little of him, except when I had offended by trespass on or over the school buildings, of which he had charge; then he would send for me to come across school to him, and, whilst speaking most kindly to me, would insert his hand, holding a lead pencil, under my arm, and nip me, between pencil and thumb-nail, in the soft part of the upper arm, to impress his arguments upon me; the impressions were made in black and blue.

His teaching of the Under School, several of the forms of which (the Petty, for instance) existed only in name, must have made little call upon his scholarship; but perhaps some of the work of looking over the paper work of the Sixth Form may have devolved upon him, especially before Lloyd came. His knowledge of the old customs of the school must have been of great use to both Liddell and Scott, and if he followed the teaching of his family motto, *Sumus ubi fuimus* ('We are, where we were'), he should have been no great lover of change.

And now as to the various form masters.

Rigaud when I first came, in 1849 and 1850, was in charge of the Shell, but I, being then a small boy and not in his house, have no recollection of him. When he left, the Rev. J. Marshall took the Shell, and the

Rev. F. F. James took the Fifth Form, each moving up one step, James being succeeded in the Fourth Form by Mr. Lloyd.

The Rev. James Marshall, for the six years that I was at Westminster, was my housemaster 'up Grant's,' and for all the time that I took in passing through the Shell was my form-master, so I saw much of him. He was a quiet, even-tempered man, and when startled had a habit of running his hand through his hair, making it stand up on end. He was of an unsuspicious nature, so much so that, after presuming on this trait in his character, one often felt ashamed, though this did not prevent one from presuming again ; we all liked him, and he was always fair and straightforward in all his dealings. He was a dark, sharp-featured man, slight-built, of medium height, and then about forty to forty-five years of age. He was well up to his work in the school, and always fed us most liberally in his house.

The Rev. F. F. James was my form master both in the Upper Fourth, where I was placed on arrival, and afterwards in the Lower and then Upper Fifth. I think I must have gone up with him when he made the rise from Fourth Form to Fifth, on the departure of Rigaud. He was shorter, stouter, and fuller in the face than Marshall ; he did his work in school carefully, but without much energy, and as though he had but little heart in it. It always strikes me that a school-master must find his work irksome and disheartening, especially the constantly repeated routine of pushing boys on to a certain point, and then having to pass

them on to a higher form. Out of school I saw nothing of James. He was always called Jemmy.

When Jemmy moved up to the Fifth I think that both Lloyd and Hose arrived. I cannot find the Christian names of either of these masters, nor whether they were in Orders or not. Mr. Lloyd was a tall, square-built man, and, I believe, a good scholar. He used to help Liddell with some of the paper work of the Sixth, and was reported to have written on one occasion the prologue to the Play. He must have been about twenty-eight to thirty years of age. I was never personally in contact with him, except in connection with a row on a certain chairing-day; but that is another story.

Mr. Hose came, I think, at about the same time as Lloyd, and assisted at times in the Fourth Form, but his *raison d'être* was as mathematical master. He was a Cambridge man and a Wrangler, and had written a school text-book of Euclid, which perhaps had brought his name forward; but he was a weak, vain creature, quite unsuited to have the care of boys, especially boys in the higher forms; he was also small and fussy. We in the Shell, and afterwards when in the Sixth, used to attend his lectures in the library. He was easily drawn into conversation. If you were ignorant of the day's work, and he asked you a question, you replied, 'Mr. Hose, did not you write Euclid?' He would reply, 'Oh no! Euclid wrote it; I only explained it,' etc., and he would then pass on to the next boy. I learnt but little from him, and much of our time was spent in caricaturing him on his own blackboard and making

fun of him. He kept no manner of order in his classes. I am afraid this is scarcely a complimentary notice.

Before Mr. Hose came, arithmetic, mathematics, and French were at a discount. They were all taught only on half-school days, in the afternoon. Mr. Steward, a nice old gentleman, who had a succession of sons (all good oars) at the school, used to teach us sums in the lower forms when I first joined, and I think till Mr. Hose came, but the teaching formed no part of the school work. The class was held up school, and we sat on the forms belonging to the Petty under the large end window.

French was also taught on these half-school day afternoons, but in the same half-hearted way. I do not think that I added much to my knowledge of French when I was at Westminster, and cannot even remember our French master's name.

Fencing was taught by Angelo. I forget on what day of the week these lessons took place, but I remember fencing with Richard Grosvenor, now Lord Stalbridge, in one of the lower rooms up College. I used also to go and fence at Angelo's fencing-rooms halfway up St. James's Street, on the right-hand side, where I sometimes saw most exciting fights with real swords between two well-padded and helmeted Life Guardsmen; one of them was named MacTurk.

Drawing, too, was taught by an artist of the name of Sarjent. I was not one of his pupils, and do not know where the lessons took place. All these arts and sciences were taught at odd times and irregular

hours; attendance was mostly voluntary, and they in no way affected a boy's position in the school.

After reading Mr. Sargeaunt's careful description of the work in school, the classics read in the several forms, and the attention given to various subjects, it is unnecessary for me to say much as to work in school. Besides this, my recollections are vague on the subject, for though during my six years' stay I rose gradually from Upper Fourth to Sixth Form, I am afraid that I was never a pupil to be proud of, attending to work and picking up all I could during school, but doing little in the way of preparation before. Dr. Liddell, when receiving the report of our form, once said to me and a brother oarsman, poor Lewis Williams: 'You and Markham row in the same boat, and if you wish to be watermen, you had better go and be apprenticed at once.' I can remember the nasal tone of his voice when he made this rather bitter remark; however, I generally got my remove in good time, and gradually ploughed my way up to the Sixth Form, finishing my career there under Liddell, and for a few months under our new Headmaster, Scott.

CHAPTER IV

'UP GRANT'S'

Downstairs—The 'Chiswicks'—The hall—Games in the yard—Old house bills—Upstairs—Practical jokes and adventures.

AND now for a few recollections of my old boarding-house, Grant's. Entering from the door over the double flight of steps (for all three houses in the row had the double flight of steps, the same as the under-master's still has), you found yourself in a passage, with the matron's room (Mrs. Crowther's) on the left and Marshall's library on the right. Then on the right a well staircase leading up to all rooms above, and down to the kitchen and lower regions. Beyond this was a room used as a study, with the wall of the 'Chiswicks' blocking the view, and with the area below. I never belonged to that room. Beyond the matron's room was Marshall's sitting-room, looking down the yard at the back, with area below. Over the low blind of the window he had a full view of the yard and the passage to the hall. On one side of the yard was a high brick wall belonging to Weare's house, and the walls of College and the sanatorium were on the far side. On the right of the yard were the three 'Chiswicks,' opening one into the other,

that of the Sixth Form being the innermost. These 'Chiswicks' were small studies; there were 'Chiswicks' also 'up Rigaud's.' In former days there was a house at Chiswick occupied as a country residence by the Headmaster, who often took a few boys down there for what we North Country folk call the week-end—Saturday and Sunday; it was also used as a sanatorium if required. This house was sold, and the new studies, 'Chiswicks,' were built from the proceeds of the sale. These 'Chiswicks' were occupied by the Sixth Form, the Shell, and the Fifth Form. The windows looked out on a covered passage which led to the hall; here we all had our meals, the house master and the matron always dining with us. In the hall the small boys under the Fifth Form did their work and played on wet days; there was a long table down the window side, and an ⌐-shaped table across the far end of the room, coming round to the fireplace, which was in the centre of the side facing the windows, leaving a wide space between the long table and the fire. So far, all is much the same now—in 1903—as it was then. The offices were at the low end of the yard, where also there was a door through the old Abbey wall into College Street; this door was never left open. The wall was unscaleable, and the lock not to be forced or tampered with. One peculiar game we played in this yard was called 'five-and-a-header'; it was played against a wall with a fives ball. A line was drawn 8 or 10 feet from the wall, which you toed; you then threw the ball so as to strike first the ground, then the wall, and bound

back to you. You had to catch it five times, and meet it with your head on the sixth bound—'five-and-a-header.' If you both did this all right, you then toed another line further back, and did the same again. The penalty for failure was the fun of the game; the culprit stood round the corner at the far end of the hall facing the wall, and showed his hand out beyond the corner, when each of the other players in turn had a shot at it from a prescribed distance. The penalized one could not see the thrower, so it was no use trying to dodge, and you never knew when the ball was coming. There was not space for any real games, but a small form of racquets, or even cricket on a small scale, served to pass odd half-hours during afternoon 'lockers' on half-school days.

So much for the lower floor and yard upstairs. The first-floor was occupied by Marshall, Mrs. Crowther, and the sick-room; on the second-floor there were four large rooms, holding about six beds each; the third-floor or garret had, I think, six smaller rooms, one of which owned the small oval window in the gable, the others looking out on the gutter that ran round the house. These rooms on the top-floor were occupied by the Shell and the Sixth, all Sixth Form boys having separate rooms. There was a sink and tap on the first and second landing, cold water only; the lighting at night (except on the stairs, where there was gas) was by small patent candlesticks worked on the carriage-lamp principle, the candle being pushed up from below by a spring, and showing only the wick. There was some locking arrangement which closed the

works securely, but after you had lighted one candle you held the top of another over the flame till it warmed up, and then out came our shy friend, in an attenuated form, and we had a good light. The rooms on the second-floor had a long range of washing-stands in front of the windows, with basin, etc., for each boy. It is sad to think of, but tubs were then unknown; now the rooms fairly reek with tubs. I do not think we ever got a real good over-all wash in the winter halves. From the side-windows on the top-floor you could get out on the roof, whence you had a fine view of London and of any fires that might occur. I remember well the great fire at Broadwood's Pianoforte Works, with piles of seasoned mahogany blazing away. On a fine night, the apex of the roof, with your back to the chimney, was a favourite place for a smoke. By passing along the parapet, past Mr. Weare's, I used to get on to the roof of College, climb to the top, hop along the ridge seated, till opposite the tall chimney-stack above the wire-racquet court, and then slide down the tiles to the back of the chimney, which was always a safe find for a few racquet balls; the only danger was the chance of being spotted by one of Weare's maids as you passed his garret windows. Either I chose my time well or the maids winked at my proceedings, for I was never caught, or, at all events, pulled up for this amusement; and the best of it was that it was my own invention, and I kept it to myself. It is not patented, and I have no further use for it. I cannot remember entering Rigaud's house in the same way, although at one time I often used to climb over the tops of our

'Chiswicks,' after prayers in the evening, for the purpose of sparring with one Julius Allington, who boarded 'up Rigaud's'; he also used to pay me visits for the same purpose; he was a good hand with his fists, and a good cricketer.

He and E. L. Burton (commonly called 'Nosey' Burton, to distinguish him from Bob Burton), after leaving Westminster, started farming in South Africa, Nosey doing the farming, and Julius hunting with his rifle to feed the party. He became a noted hunter, coming home from time to time on the spree, when skins and horns proved profitable. Except on the occasions of these sparrings, I was hardly ever 'up Rigaud's,' but that house was built much on the same plan as Grant's. One winter, for several nights running, a party of us from Grant's took possession of Rigaud's steps, ten minutes before lock-hours, and prevented any of the Rigaud men getting into their house till the lock-hour struck. This amusement was stopped by the interference of the housemaster, Jemmy, who objected to the occupation of his steps, and hinted that some strong language had been used. One Courtenay 'caught it' on this account.

The fighting took more the form of a 'grease' than a 'mill,' fists not being used. A proper 'grease' consisted in two boys, at opposite ends of a form, getting a good purchase with their legs against the ends of the desk, and squeezing all the boys on the form into a heap; this was an up school game, suitable for moments when your form-master went to confer with one of his fellows.

I cannot say what we boarders paid for our board and lodging, but it may be amusing to produce three old bills of my father and his sailor brother, John Markham, who were, I believe, 'up Grant's' together, before my father entered College in 1811.

THREE OLD WESTMINSTER SCHOOL BOARDING-HOUSE BILLS FOUND IN AN OLD SCRAP-BOOK, ALL FOR THE SAME TERM, CHRISTMAS TO MIDSUMMER, 1809, 1813, 1814.

WESTMINSTER,
June 24th, 1809.

Masters Wm. and J. Markham's Bill for Xtmas to Midsummer, 1809.

	£	s.	d.
Board, Washing, and Lodging	40	0	0
Fire, candle, mending linen, &c.	0	0	0
Single Bed	0	0	0
Extra fire from Lady Day to May	0	15	0
Extras.			
Allowance (26 Weeks)	1	15	0
School & Abbey 6/-, Letters 12/7	0	18	7
Pitchers, Basins, Tumblers & Soap	0	7	6
Extra washing	0	2	6
Coaches and Journey at Whitsuntide ...	10	8	0
Shoe strings and Messenger & Attendance ...	0	12	0
Out of school, Sick	1	1	0
Head Master—Bureau	2	2	0
Second Master—Tooth-powder	0	4	0
Ushers of House, Form & Church; Waterman bathing	0	2	6
Private Tuition	10	10	0
Bookseller	7	15	0
Grocer 1/9/4, Taylor 2/6/6, Hatter 16/- ...	4	11	10
Carpenter 5/-, Hair Cutter 17/4, Shoemaker 6/19/-	8	1	4
Writing Master	5	0	0
Apothecary—Journey on Bartle-mew-tide ...	9	10	0
	103	16	3

WESTMINSTER,
June 22nd, 1813.

Master Markham from Xtmas to Midsummer, 1813.

	£	s.	d.
Board, &c.	10	10	0
Faggots for College (19 Weeks)	1	8	6
	11	18	6

Extras.

Allowance (26 Weeks)	3	18	0
School & Abbey 1/-, letters 15/-	0	16	0
Extra Washing	0	9	0
Coaches	0	7	0
Shoe strings and Messenger	0	10	0
Bats & Balls, Cricket & Waterman	0	6	0
Tradesmen's Bills	24	0	4
	42	4	10
College	1	0	0
David bill	5	12	5
Taylor's bill	27	1	0
	75	18	3

	£	s.	d.
Porter & Bedmaker	0	15	0
College Butler...	0	3	6
College John	0	2	6
	1	1	0

£	s.	d.
93	12	0
75	19	0
169	11	0

NOTES BY AUTHOR.—Master Markham seems now to be in College, which he entered in 1811, but still keeps up a certain connection with his old boarding-house. Master Jack has left and joined the navy. I have added the tradesmen's bills together.

It is evident either that my grandfather was behind in his payments, or that the £93 12s. is a College bill, paid with that of the boarding-house; the small addition sum on left is by another hand.

WESTMINSTER,
June 25th, 1813.

Master Markham from Xtmas to Midsummer, 1814.

	£	s.	d.
Board, washing, & lodging	11	15	0
Faggots	1	7	6
Extra do.	1	6	0
Allowance (26 Weeks, 3/-)	3	18	0
School Abbey 1/-, Letters 9/6	0	10	6
Extra washing	0	10	0
Coaches	0	9	0
Shoe strings & messenger	0	14	0
General Subscription to Poor & Waterman ...	0	5	6
Penates money for College	0	8	6
Tradesmen (in all; of this 6/3/3 for Carpenter)	14	4	9
	35	8	9

	£	s.	d.
College expenses	1	4	6
Taylor's bill	27	5	0
Shoemaker's do.	7	11	0
Hosier's & Glover's	7	19	5
Davis bill	3	0	2/1
Fencing	8	9	6

NOTES BY AUTHOR.—We have here a fresh item: 'Penates money for College, 8s. 6d.'; also a heavy bill from the hosier. This would be for stockings for a colleger.

A bill for fencing, £8 9s. 6d., reminds me of my father's love of fencing, and of a wound from a foil in his right arm.

From the school register I find as follows:

'Master Wm. (my father). Adm. ——. K.S. 1811. Ch. Church 1815.

'Master John. Adm. ——. Left 1810. Captain in the Navy.

'Master David. Adm. Xmas 1813. Left 1814. Became a Canon of Windsor.'

I cannot read the word printed '*Davis*.' It may be David's bill; if so, it may refer to another uncle of mine: David—who entered in 1813 and left in 1814—Canon of Windsor, and father of Sir C. R. Markham (see bill for 1813). Or it might be 'Dame's bill.'

The bill for 1809 would be before Master William entered College, and when he boarded in the house which is now called Grant's. After becoming a colleger, he would still breakfast at his old boarding-house; this practice was continued till 1844.

But to return to Grant's and my own recollections, mostly consisting of scrapes and general delinquencies.

Mother Crowther was our matron, a kindly old lady who took good care of us when in the sick-room, and fed us well. When my navy brother Alfred left Westminster, he joined the *Agamemnon*, under Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons, and was present at the bombardment of Sevastopol. Shortly after this he wrote me a long letter. It contained a most graphic description of the fight, and was full of strange oaths, and interlarded with impossible naval terms—'shiver my timbers,' 'son of a gun,' 'blast my dead eyes,' and so forth. On a separate sheet was a note that I was to mind and show it to Mrs. Crowther, for whose benefit all these expressions had been arranged.

She was much shocked. 'Oh, poor lad! such a nice little boy as he used to be. And to have come to this! The navy must be a terrible school,' etc.

I do not think that the letter was passed on to Mr. Marshall.

The small boys used to pass their evenings in the hall. The Sixth used to shout to us when a fag was required; we fags were also occasionally called upon to sing to them. A small boy named Gaskell was called in with me to sing; when his turn came, he struck up in a shrill, piping voice,

'Needles and pins, needles and pins!
When a man marries his trouble begins,'

and was incontinently kicked out. I see he is now a Rector ; I hope he will forgive me.

One night we determined to avenge a grievance which we had against the head of the house : he was far too free with his cane, or, as an old Westmorland farmer once said to me, *re* our late village schoolmaster, 'He was too fond of curtailing the boys.' It happened thus : At nine o'clock Marshall came down to the hall and said prayers, the boys all kneeling on the forms round the long table. After prayers all the small boys were supposed to go to bed, the Sixth, Shell, and Fifth Forms sitting up till ten. Three or four of us small boys crept down again, got into the hall, quietly collected all the chairs in the room, and arranged them in front of the door, which opened inwards, each chair resting on the edge of the seat and on the back-rail, all legs sticking up, like chevaux-de-frise. We then made a fearful din, which brought out our enemy with his cane. We waited behind the door, and as he rushed in, out went the gas, and he fell head-over-heels in amongst the chair-legs. We slipped out, cut away upstairs, and were all in bed and seemingly fast asleep before he had recovered and followed us upstairs. This time we were not found out, though no doubt he had his suspicions.

During prayers one evening, Minto Farquhar, who was on the sick-list, suddenly appeared in the hall walking in his sleep, in his nightshirt; he knelt up in his place as usual and began saying the Lord's Prayer. We let him alone till prayers were over, and then quietly led him back to the sick-room

and put him to bed; next day he had no recollection of it.

On Saturday nights the small boys and some of the bigger ones who had not 'gone out' (*i.e.*, gone for Saturday and Sunday to their friends up town) used to have a good time in the hall. There was no work to prepare, and all manner of games were played—'hi, cockalorum!' 'cock-fighting,' the cocks being trussed and then set to fight on a form; 'sculling races' on the long table—*i.e.*, sitting down with your hands clasped as if for cock-fighting, lifting your feet, and hopping along on your tail. Only two could scull at a time, so the races were run off in heats. Then we had a brilliant idea: we arranged a slide. There was one very long form; this was tilted up on end at a sharp slope, the legs at the upper end resting on a pile of tables. We climbed up and then slid down, seated on 'fair-showing books,' as the forms were given to throwing out splinters. Unluckily, previous to the invention of this sport, I had cut the name of my old 'substance,' Regy Somerville, on this form; the letters were about 4 inches long, and all the down strokes went clean through the form, till the light showed through—very effective as a work of art, but spoiling the form for sliding purposes.

Marshall, too, saw no beauty in it, the spaces between the down strokes constantly dropping out, and having to be nailed into place from behind.

Chemistry was at one time much in fashion, lectures having been delivered up College, which we attended. Chemistry with us meant gas and explosions. Gas

was usually made in soda-water bottles, with a cork in, and a pipe through it. The kind of gas we brewed required heat before it would light, so the bottles were placed on or near the fire, and the gas was lighted as it issued from the pipe. One Saturday evening we had made gas, but the brew was a failure, and would not light, so we left the bottle on a dull fire and forgot all about it; then the prayer-bell rang, and we fell in round the long table. Marshall was in the midst of the prayers, when bang went the gas, blowing our soda-water bottle to atoms and putting an end to our prayers. After this our chemical experiments were prohibited. We also made electrical machines out of fat, round green pickle-bottles; each had a Leyden jar attached to it. These jars we used to charge and place at points of advantage, behind books, in the cupboard where the crockery was kept, and other places where the unwary might be entrapped into touching them.

After we retired to bed there were various amusements—bolstering-matches between rooms, turning somersaults over the ends of beds, etc. I was the much-envied possessor of a spring-board which I kept under my mattress, off which you could spring, turn a somersault in the air, and arrive seated on your bed. On ordinary nights we had all to be quiet in our beds before the Sixth came up. On Saturday night 'Saturnalia.'

It was a great advance when one moved from the hall to 'Chiswicks.' They were little private studies, only five or six boys in each, with lockers for your



Scene in the Kitchen, "Up Grant's."


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books, a square table, six chairs, fender, fireirons, and a gaslight; to this furniture we added pipkins of red earthenware, frying-pan, saucepan, toasting-fork, and sometimes a sort of miniature oven, which could be hung on the bars of the grate, in which you could cook sausages, and even mutton-chops. Fried potatoes, toffee, and chestnuts were always being cooked; in fact, most of our winter evenings were spent in cooking. We also had a battery of small cannon which we used to load and fire, also a bowling catapult, the propelling force arising from a pair of india-rubber trouser-straps, holes being bored in the table for the wickets, miniature bats, and marbles for the cricket-balls. These small games were mostly played in the third 'Chiswick.'

In the second 'Chiswick' cooking continued, but whist was the fashion; we played with diminutive cards, one's hand arranged inside an atlas or some big book, so that if Marshall by any chance looked in, one closed one's atlas, swept the tricks off the table, and all looked most studious when he entered the room; he seldom troubled us, but cards were tabooed, and it was well to be ready. In the second 'Chiswick' we clubbed our spare cash and bought a set of boxing-gloves, and night after night we used to set the table up on end in front of the fire, stow the chairs away, and have regular good rounds.

My house and form companions all this time were Lord Richard Grosvenor and W. G. H. Bankes; we worked our way up the school together. Poor Bankes was my chief opponent with the gloves; he had no

science, and as long as I could keep him off I could hit him as I liked. But our rounds always ended with a rough-and-tumble wrestle; if he got me down, he sat on the top of me till I could chuck him off. He would never cry 'Pax,' and I have sat on his chest for half an hour or more, holding his hands down, he quite exhausted but refusing to give in. Poor fellow! he joined the 7th Hussars, and was killed in action at Lucknow. When wounded and being carried to the rear, both his legs were taken off by a round shot, and he bled to death. They say that when so terribly wounded he showed the same pluck, and I believe that the Victoria Cross, which he so well earned, was sent to his people after his death.

One other recollection about Grant's. It must have been on All Fools' Day that we devised this practical joke on poor Marshall. We got a bolster, rigged it up with a jacket and trousers, and, with a towel for the face, tied it to a long rope, and had it ready at an open back-window over Marshall's study window. Accomplices below started a sham quarrel and fight in the yard. Marshall looked out over his blind, pushing his hair up on end, as he always did when excited, when at a signal from below down flashed the dummy close past his face, falling into the yard below. Marshall, rather short-sighted, took it for a boy, rushed out of his room, downstairs, and into the area. Meanwhile the dummy had been hauled up again and stowed away; we, too, had disappeared under beds or elsewhere. Dear old Marshall accepted it as a joke, and made no inquiries about it.

Each year when the Play took place, Marshall—I think on the third night—used to give us quite a smart supper in the hall, the chief delicacy being small glasses full of custard, with a sprinkling of grated nutmeg on the top; a glass of this was set out beside each plate.

In the morning, if you felt disinclined for school, you went down, knocked at Marshall's door, and said, 'I don't feel very well, sir.' He used to half open the door, look out, and say, 'Let me see your tongue.' You put your tongue out, giving the upper surface a hard pressure with your upper teeth, and out came a tongue white enough to satisfy any doctor. The danger was that sometimes you were not allowed to recover as quickly as you wished, and you were told not to go on the water or into 'green' on that day.

When I on one occasion was really ill with the measles, Grosvenor and I arranged an excellent billiard-table by turning the American-cloth cover of a large round table upside down; it was smooth on the top, woolly below. On this we arranged cushions and pockets by means of books, and we got some big marbles for billiard-balls, made our own cues, and had capital games. The cloth was made to turn down over the edge of the table, and when reversed kept our balls in and our cushions steady. This also is not patented.

CHAPTER V

UP SCHOOL

School-hours—Half-school days—'Early plays'—Routine—Prayers—The 'lost-box'—A departure—The 'rod-room'—Repetition—Themes—Speeches and epigrams—Dress.

SCHOOL-HOURS on whole-school days were in summer from seven till eight; one hour out for prayers in your house and breakfast; then from nine to twelve completing the morning school, the break for breakfast being only an interlude; then afternoon school from two till four. In winter, I think, the morning school commenced later by half an hour.

On half-school days there was no afternoon school, but there were lock-hours, called 'lockers,' in both College and the boarding-houses from two till four, from which you were allowed out for arithmetic, French, drawing, or other extra teaching.

The whole-school days were Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. The half-school days were Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. On Saturday there were no afternoon 'lockers,' and boys were free after morning school.

On saints' days, on March 1, being St. David's Day, and on Shrove Tuesday, there was an 'early play'—*i.e.*, school only before breakfast. On the

saints' days there was service in the Abbey for the whole school at ten; on St. David's Day, no Abbey; and on Shrove Tuesday you were free as soon as the Pancake Grease was over.

Before school the Headmaster used to appear in cap, cassock, and gown at his little side-door, near the arch into Great Dean's Yard, and stroll leisurely up to the school steps; here he was joined by the under-master, habited like himself, and by the form masters in gowns and caps, but without cassocks. I think that on wet days the meet took place in the library.

After a little conversation they moved up school, by which time all the boys were supposed to be in their places. The masters then formed in single file: Headmaster in front, then the under-master, then the form masters according to the seniority of their forms. The monitor of the school then came out with his book, and dropped on both knees in front, the masters all dropping on their right knees and removing their caps. The monitor then rattled—or shall I say gabbled?—through the Lord's Prayer, in Latin, then clapped his open book together and returned to his seat.

The masters then dispersed to their several forms and proceeded with their work. The Headmaster went on to the library, where by this time the Sixth Form were assembled. The same ceremony was gone through at the close of mid-day and afternoon school, a grace being said after the Lord's Prayer as follows: 'Gratia Domini nostri, et caritas Dei Patris, et communicatio Spiritus sancti sit semper cum omnibus

nobis. Amen.' On saints' days and 'early plays' an extra collect was added before the Lord's Prayer, giving thanks to founder and benefactors: 'Gratia tibi agimus Domine Deus pro fundatrice nostrâ Elizabethâ Reginâ, ceterisque benefactoribus nostris,' etc. When I first entered, the old desks and forms were still in use, and the masters each sat in his old oak armchair in front of his form. After the new desks were put in, each retired within his own compound, and sat on his daïs with his back to the wall, with his desk-table in front of him.

The Headmaster had a large square oak table and armchair, placed in front of the 'shell' at the upper end of the school, where he sat during the challenges and when engaged up school, and here he administered the punishment of 'handing.' I picture to myself Liddell sitting there, and myself standing in the middle of school, with my right hand in my pocket to keep it warm. But punishments must be reserved for a later chapter.

Many amusements took place up school, some during school-hours, some not; I call to mind a few.

Once, when in the Upper Fourth under Mr. James, some of us were up school, before afternoon school, when we found the key in the 'lost-box.' College John had charge of this, and used to collect all books left up school, lock them in the 'lost-box,' and keep them till he got a tip for letting them out. Finding the box open, we arranged a practical joke for poor Jemmy: we bored a hole through the back of the box, passed a string through, and attached a small book to one end,

so as to hang halfway up inside; we then passed the string along the back-bench where we sat, and locked the box, removing the key.

As soon as we got settled to work, we began to quietly draw the book up and down in the 'lost-box.' 'Hark, sir, what's that?' 'Why, it's in the "lost-box."' 'It must be a mouse, sir.' 'Shall I go down to get the key from College John, sir?' Answer: 'Certainly not, Markham: I know what your going down school means,' etc. Then a little more work, then mouse noises again. 'There it is again, sir; it must be a mouse.' 'Poor thing! it will be starved,' etc. We did little work during that school, and were not found out.

Another queer thing happened in connection with that form. We were doing a lesson in Latin grammar. A boy was asked to give the Latin example of the rule; he gave it correctly, but pronounced the Latin words so that they sounded like other words in English, which I will not repeat; we all laughed. Jemmy immediately ordered him out into the middle of school to await a 'handing,' or perhaps worse. At that time the 'Corsican Brothers' was being played—at the Princess's Theatre, I think—in which one actor doubled the parts of two brothers. One brother is killed, and his ghost appears on the stage, gliding across, seemingly without moving his legs. We had been practising this mode of progression, which consisted of placing your feet side by side and turning to the required direction on toes and heels alternately. By this means the boy gradually edged his

way towards the door, and taking his opportunity, when Jemmy was engaged, quietly strolled down school. We never saw him again or heard what became of him. No doubt the masters found out how and where he had gone, but his name was never mentioned, and, for all we knew, he might have been dead and buried; he glided away like the ghost.

When Mr. Hose, the new mathematical master, came, it was arranged that my form—I think I was then in the Upper Fifth—should go up school on the afternoon of half-school days, for lectures on Euclid, algebra, etc. Not only our leisure was to be sacrificed, but our dignity was to suffer, for hitherto sums had been Fourth Form things—childish things that we had put away from us, for in the old days of Steward the Fifth had always been exempt from them. Our feelings being thus outraged, we all agreed to retire into the 'rod-room' and bar Hose out; this we did, closing the door and watching him through a crack. He came up school, looked round and found it empty, looked at his watch and generally fussed about. This was amusing for a time, but the joke soon palled upon us, so we began cat-callings and unearthly howlings, which soon brought him to the door; he tried to get in; we held on to the handle, and had pinned the lock so that it would not turn. We then held a parley with him through the keyhole, and an armistice was concluded: First, that he would promise not to report us; second, that the lecture-hour should be of the shortest. To these terms he weakly enough agreed, and we came out, and did such work as we pleased,

then and ever after. 'Poor wretch!' (as Pepys says of his wife). Whilst in the 'rod-room' we poked about amongst the rubbish on the floor, and found remains of old blue and white tiles, with which the floor seemed at some time to have been paved. College John used to make the rods in this room, eight twigs to a birch, and his store of birch twigs was kept there.

In one form we had a system of getting through our 'repetition' in a peculiar way. So many lines of some Latin author had to be repeated each morning. Each boy went up with his book open in his hand on to the daïs, handed his book to the master, said such lines as he was put on in, and returned to his place in form. The system was this: You handed your book to the master, and stood behind his chair on his right; he kept his eyes on the book, you edged round to your left, and read the lines over his shoulder. Sometimes he would look up, and, with a surprised look, turn towards you, holding the book so that you could not see. This eventuality was provided for by the boy whose next turn it was holding his book open behind the master's back for you to read from. But, alas! on Saturday came Nemesis, for all the week's repetition had to be gone through, and we sat in a circle round the daïs. Then the idlers gang used to sit, if possible, directly in front of the master. There, by a neat arrangement of an old book placed under the front of the master's desk, something might be done; but it was risky work, for another master might be strolling by, and one could not turn the leaves with one's toes. Then the danger of being 'kept in' for Saturday and

Sunday hung over one's head by the thinnest of threads.

In those days I had a patent reversible Greek grammar, a legacy from some departed friend; it had no cover, and was so loose in the binding that, by a little contrivance, it always happened to be open for the lesson for the day; this was a great comfort, and it could be passed round behind backs to a friend in need. These modes of cribbing were considered by us as quite allowable, and quite within our code of honour, except for boys who tried for high places in the form. When in the Sixth we were older, and had more sense of the necessity of work, and such doings were considered 'not good form.' Yet in the summer half, when one was on the water, often both morning and afternoon, and frequently too tired to do much work in the evening, it was difficult to find time for preparation out of school. My plan was this: We always did our work with Liddell (and afterwards with Scott) in the library. Instead of going up school for prayers, I went straight to the library, settled down in my place —always in the back-row next the bookcase—and then set to work, with lexicon, grammar, etc., to prepare the first eight or ten lines of the text. By this time Liddell would appear, and would call upon someone to commence. If I was 'put on,' I was ready, and after that I could listen to other fellows construing the rest of the lesson, attend to Liddell's remarks, and suck in learning at second-hand. If not 'put on' early, I worked away in my corner, looking out my words in the lexicon, etc., in readiness for the next ten lines.

Liddell never took any notice of this, and I used to get through with the ruck of the form, neither good nor bad; but if not put on early I was unable to profit by the careful explanation of the meaning of separate words and the apposite quotations which Liddell had always ready. On Saturday the Sixth Form were given themes — either subjects to write upon in English, or some Greek or Latin ode to turn into English verse or contrariwise. I was never a versifier, and sometimes could scarcely construe some Greek ode into prose, much less into verse. On one occasion I found the word οἶνος (wine) recurring again and again in a Greek chorus, and thought I might safely conclude that it was a Bacchanalian chorus, so dashed off lines commencing: 'Wine that blushest ruby red,' etc. When handed in on the Monday following, Liddell sniffed, said 'Trash!' and tore my poor verses across. These themes were a hardship. You usually 'went out' for Saturday and Sunday to your friends and relations. On the Saturday, in summer, you generally went on the water first, sculled up to Richmond, or did some long expedition, or sailed in a half-decker if there was a good breeze, and perhaps went to a theatre in the evening. On the Sunday, to church in the morning, walk with one's friends in the Park, luncheon, did some calls, etc. One had to behave like other people, and could not shut one's self up in one's bedroom to compose themes; it ended generally by composing your theme during the sermon in church, and writing it out on the Sunday afternoon.

Before I pass on to other subjects, I must remember

speeches, and epigrams up school. I think all the Sixth in turn had to recite speeches in school. Liddell used to sit at a table, on the left side of school (mentioning speeches reminds me of this, though I cannot remember where this table came into the line of desks), in among the Queen's Scholars' seats, and on a daïs. The speeches were chosen by the boys, and approved by the Headmaster, about four speeches on the same day once a week, and at the end of morning school. There was a rehearsal the day before, Liddell being the only listener. I remember my first attempt. I had chosen Longfellow's 'Wreck of the Hesperus,' and was letter-perfect in my part. At my rehearsal I commenced, 'It *was* the schooner Hesperus,' with the accent on 'was.' Liddell said, 'Who said it wasn't? Put the accent on the "it."' This threw me out of my stride, and I made a mess of it, but on Speech Day I was all right.

On another Speech Day I treated them to Shakespeare:

> 'From camp to camp through the dull ear of night
> The din of either army stilly sounds,' etc.

This passed muster.

Old Macready was always a treat to listen to. He would roll his eyes, and mouth out his words, as if he was on the stage. Gestures with the hands were not allowed. We always thought him the image of his father. There was a report in the school that the father never would allow his sons to see him on the boards. There was no reward for good speaking.

Epigrams were recited up school once a year—I think, towards the end of the first half—Liddell seated as at the weekly speeches. The reciter of the epigram handed his epigram to Liddell, and then read it out. The rewards consisted of Maundy money: silver pieces—penny, twopenny, threepenny, and I think fourpenny, bits—all with unmilled edges. The better the epigram the smaller the guerdon, the silver penny being the highest. A theme was given, such as 'Fortes a fortibus creantur,' 'Vires acquirit eundo,' or other Latin proverb. Latin epigrams were recited later on, at election times in College hall. The epigrams up school were always in English.

The only epigram that I heard read, and which was worth remembering—and it was really good—was recited before Liddell by Edward Waterfield, a town boy (the man who fought with Old Slade). The epigram ran thus:

> 'Two men wrote a lexicon—Liddell and Scott;
> Some parts were right, some parts were not.
> Now come, all ye wise men, and solve me this riddle:
> Why the wrong parts wrote Scott, and the right parts wrote Liddell?'

Liddell took it well, gave his usual scornful sniff, and presented Waterfield with his silver penny. The joke was, that often when at work with the Sixth, Liddell would object to the translation of, or use of, some word. The boy would reply, 'Please, sir, I found it used that way in your lexicon,' when Liddell would reply, 'Scott wrote that part.'

Another epigram, 'old as the hills,' and its author, I

believe, unknown, dates back to Dr. Goodenough's time. I must stand the blame for repeating it once more. It ran thus:

'Tis well enough for Goodenough
Before the Lords to preach;
For, sure enough, they're bad enough
For Goodenough to teach.'

My attempts at epigrams were not a great success. I ventured to try and read one that I had composed on 'Fairy,' the Dean and Chapter's constable. Robson was at that time singing a song called 'Villikins and his Dinah,' at the Olympic, and it was the catch tune of the day on all the hurdy-gurdies.

I commenced, 'As Fairy was a-volliking in Dean's Yard one day——' Almost before I had begun, my paper was torn up and I was ordered to stand down. I did it for a bet. On another occasion I did receive the penny, though scarcely deserved. The theme was 'Possunt quia posse videntur,' or the converse. My epigram was poor enough, but took Liddell's fancy:

'There was an idle Irishman,
His name was Paddy B. . . e;
And all that Mr. James could do,
He couldn't make him work.'

At one time I had an air-gun, and made use of the school as my shooting-gallery. I used to take any book I found on the desks, set it up on end on the 'shell' table, and shoot at it from the low end of school. I could drill a hole through a good fat lexicon at that distance.

I came too late to Westminster to have a chance of seeing the Queen's Scholars arrayed in their drab breeches and white stockings. These were abolished in May, 1843, and cloth trousers introduced in their place, John Young Seagrave being the last of the captains who wore the breeches and stockings.

I believe that when a boy was in mourning he wore black breeches and stockings, and on his trencher cap had diagonal black ribbons, with a small bow in the centre, in place of the ordinary tassel. This last sign of mourning was still in existence in my time.

My cousin, Sir Clements Markham, has a prodigious memory, extending even to 'calves.' In his Westminster notes, which he has permitted me to draw upon, he has a list of his school-fellows, and after each colleger is a remark, 'Poor calves,' 'Good calves,' or sometimes 'Capital calves,' as if they were the chief feature in their appearance and an unfailing guide to their characters; we had no opportunity of forming these judgments.

The seniors in my time all wore tail-coats open in front, showing black waistcoat; white collars (stick-ups) and tie; and dark trousers, black gown, open in front, with long, hanging V-shaped sleeves, the pointed ends of which were tightly bound with waxed silk, forming the traditional 'bully.'

The cap, square-topped, with black tassel, was worn with one angle to the front. In the Abbey the seniors wore their surplices open and thrown right back, so as hardly to show in front.

The captain wore black breeches and black silk stockings when reciting the prologue at the Play.

The 'third election' were ordinarily dressed like the seniors, but some, if not all, wore the College waistcoat in place of the tail-coat and waistcoat. The College waistcoat was a round, double-breasted coat without tails, worn open in front.

In the Abbey they wore their surplices buttoned up, entirely covering the coat collar, so that they appeared all in white. There were four white buttons set in a square to fasten the collar of the surplice.

The 'second election' all wore the College waistcoat, buttoned in front, but were otherwise dressed like the 'third election.' All except the juniors wore the bully on the end of the hanging sleeve; it was used for punishment.

In the Abbey they wore their surplices buttoned up, but with the collar of the College waistcoat turned over the surplice, showing a black line round the neck.

The juniors' dress was, I think, in all respects the same as that of the 'second election,' expect that they were not permitted to wear the bully on the sleeve. Their surplices, too, were worn in the Abbey with black collar showing over the surplice.

All collegers wore white collars and white ties. The dress of the town boys was not so carefully ordered. All were in plain clothes.

The Sixth and Shell wore tail-coats, black waistcoats, trousers generally black or gray, stick-up collars, and black ties.

Boys below the Shell wore jackets and waistcoats,

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both black, and black or gray trousers, turn-down collars, and, I think, black sailor's knot ties.

The Sixth Form could wear tall hats whenever out of doors. No other town boys wore hats or caps of any kind except when going up town or going to the fields, unless they belonged to one of the eight-oars, or were in the cricket, or (in the winter halves) in the football eleven.

There was no greater cheek than wearing a hat. Home boarders, I think, arrived in hats, but deposited them at Mother Sutcliffe's or elsewhere.

One town boy in my time had a dispensation as to jackets; he was a fine, strong-built fellow, and had been, I think, in Australia. Arriving at Westminster, age about fifteen, and with no knowledge of the classics, he had to begin in one of the lower forms, but was so big that he would have looked absurd in a jacket and turn-down collar. He was permitted to wear what a tailor would call a lounging coat. His name was George Broom. He rowed No. 4 in the eight in 1856. I saw him punting and rowing about Wargrave and Henley in about 1868; he was a good oar.

The small boys always carried their 'dips' in the breast-pocket of their jackets; this required care, so as to keep the sponge inside wet without inking your pocket-handkerchief. If kept at the right degree of dampness, a cork was quite unnecessary.

I believe that the 'Bishop's boys,' as far as their dress was concerned, had been abolished by Liddell a few years before my time, so that I never saw their purple

gowns or distinguished them from town boys; but the boy who fought with Onslow, W. L. Francis, admitted September 22, 1848, was a 'Bishop's boy.' I fear that the ancient provision, so kindly left by Dean Williams in 1624, has now been merged in the general school exhibition fund, and that the 'Bishop's boy,' as well as his purple gown, is a thing of the past.

CHAPTER VI

THE ABBEY

Queen's Scholars and town boys—Wordsworth—Liddell's sermons—House of Commons—Opening of Parliament—Old books and engravings.

One cannot write about Westminster School without a few words with respect to the dear old Abbey.

It was the first thing that met my eyes morning after morning as I looked out through the little oval window of the gable of Grant's house during the last year I was at the school, standing out clear and gray against the sky, all the upper portion of the south side, the roof, and the towers showing above the roof of Ashburnham House.

One knew the Abbey sometimes with all the seats in the choir occupied by the boys : the Queen's Scholars, in their white surplices, ranged by 'elections' in four rows, next below the stalls at the west end ; the town boys below in the front-seats, and spreading out, below and beyond the choristers, to the east end of the choir ; the Headmaster and second master each occupying his appointed stall, to which he had always the right, the form masters also occupying stalls where vacant.

Or one knew it on Sundays, when far the greater

number of the boys were away for Saturday and Sunday. Then the whole of the remnant was easily compressed into one block of pews at the west end of the choir.

The school assembled beforehand: the Queen's Scholars in the cloister west of the Fighting Green, entering by a door in that angle; the town boys in the east cloisters, with their backs to the Fighting Green, in order of forms, Sixth Form on the left; the masters calling the roll of their forms or houses.

We entered the Abbey, at a signal from the verger, through a small door at the end of that cloister, and formed the tail of a procession, which advanced up the central aisle, under the organ-loft, and so into the choir, we town boys following the Queen's Scholars. I believe that the church dignitaries entered from Jerusalem Chamber.

The organ played, and we dispersed into the pews allotted to us. Till we were seated the general rush of the outside public was kept out of the choir; after that the vergers brought parties of people in and filled up the vacancies.

It was always an anxious question as to who was Minor Canon for the day, to read and chant. Some were famous for the pace at which they could read. Then came the question, Who would preach? We dreaded Canon Wordsworth. He would preach for an hour, or sometimes even an hour and a half. Our hearts sank into our boots when we saw the verger bow to him. The Abbey was fearfully cold, the pulpit, placed near the altar-rails, was far off, and without

close attention the sermon was difficult to follow. We tried to keep ourselves warm with rugs round our knees, and the collegers could put on what wraps they pleased under their surplices, except the poor seniors, whose surplices were always open in front.

Turle was the organist. There was little change in the men of the choir, several of whom used to slip out at the back of their stalls when the anthem was over, having to attend the service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace.

Some of the boys' voices were wonderfully good. They were taught at a small school in the cloisters near the organist's house.

Liddell towards the end of his time at Westminster introduced an excellent custom of preaching himself to the boys on saints' days.

His sermons were thoroughly adapted to the boys, touched on school-life and the preparation of the boy for his manhood, and had an excellent effect.

We were all glad when he preached; his sermons, also, were delivered from a stall in the choir, and not from the far-away pulpit ; in fact, it was a boys' service, although the public were admitted as usual.

Though so closely connected with the school both by charter and situation, the boys were not in the Abbey so much as might have been expected. The entrance doors from the Fighting Green cloister were always kept locked except at service hours, and even then you might knock on the door and not find a verger there to open unto you. Had they been kept open, it would,

perhaps, have been made into a short-cut to Lambeth Baths and for skipping up town.

This short-cut through the Abbey would bring you out near Poets' Corner, in the neighbourhood of Westminster Hall and the Houses of Parliament, which also rank among our Westminster traditions, and both of which were always considered as within 'bounds.'

I have been told stories of boys walking round one of the west towers, outside, on the masonry that projects under the clock, and even of a boy hanging on to the hand of the clock, and being carried up by it; but in these delights I never participated, and do not remember even ascending the tower.

There was always a question between us and the door-keepers of the House of Parliament as to the right to admittance claimed by the Westminster scholars.

The door-keepers contended that only collegers arrayed in cap and gown had the entrée; we town boys also claimed the right, but were often refused. The best plan was, when asked where our gowns were, to say we had not got them on, which we considered a white lie only.

R. Grosvenor (afterwards M.P. and Liberal Whip, now Lord Stalbridge), poor Bankes, and I were always in and out of the House of Commons. It was our favourite resort on a wet afternoon during the sessions, especially when election petitions were going on in the committee-rooms. Mr. George Bankes, father of my friend, lived in a house close to Poets' Corner. He had been a Lord of the Treasury, and had held other offices in the Government. Bankes, in consequence (as we

should say), knew the door-keepers at home ; Grosvenor also was well known to them, so we had little difficulty in going where we pleased.

On one occasion of an opening of Parliament by Her late Majesty, some of us, I think all boys 'up Grant's,' by some private arrangement, were allowed to see the function from the top of Henry VII.'s Chapel, and a very good view we had.

I have a considerable collection of old books and scrap-books, in many of which I find references to the school, and engravings connected with it. Amongst these is an old quarto of 1788, 'A List of Scholars of St. Peter's College, Westminster, as they were elected to Christ Church College, Oxford, and Trinity College, Cambridge, etc. Printed by J. Nichols, Red Lion Passage, Fleet Street; sold by W. Ginger and others.' Here we have the name of our old school bookseller, W. Ginger.

The list commences with those elected in 1561, and is continued in print till 1812, and afterwards in a clerklike handwriting till 1815—perhaps written by the Ginger of those days. There are also entries in the same hand as to the later careers of many of the scholars. It contains two old engravings, one of the old dormitory, taken in 1758; another of the new dormitory, taken from College gardens, with the staircase excrescence, 'Stoker's hole,' the end of the library, and the Abbey beyond. In the foreground are three figures, two in caps and gowns—evidently Queen's Scholars by their bullies—the third has a pig-tail and wears a three-cornered hat. Pasted on the

fly-leaf is a portrait of College John; no surname is given, but no doubt one of the old family of Lloyd, who so long held that office. This book belonged to Admiral John Markham, a son of Archbishop Markham.

I have in my charge a collection of letters in manuscript, being letters from the two young Princes, George and Frederick, sons of George III., to Dr. Markham, who was then Bishop of Chester and governor of the young Princes. The letters commence in early boyish handwriting, the earliest in copybook hand.

I have also some of Dr. Markham's letters in reply; also between the leaves is a note copied from some newspaper. 'When Dr. Markham asked George III. how he wished his sons educated, His Majesty replied, "Like the sons of any private English gentleman; if they deserve it, let them be flogged. Do as you used to do at Westminster."'

I have an old octavo also:

'Lusus Westmonastrienses, sive Epigrammatum et
Poëmatum minorum delectus;
Quibus adjicitur nunc primum edita
"Solitudo Regia."'

Then follow the Westminster arms in an oblong form, widened out with much scroll-work, and the motto:

'Memores fecere merendo.

Westmonasterii.
MDCCXXXIV.'

The dedication runs thus:

'Nobilissimis honoratissimisque viris
Jacobo Duci de Chandos,
Gulielmo Baroni de Abergavenny,
Wortley Montague
Martino Bladen
Antonio Duncomb } Armigeris.
Johanni Conduit

'Comitiis Westmonasteriensum, anno 1730. Præfectis, etc.:
'R. PRIOR.
'*Kalendis Januariis*, 1730.'

The work contains epigrams in Latin and English; prologues (in one case spelt 'plieogue') in Latin and in English; and at the end is a poem, in verses alternating from Latin to English, entitled 'Solitudo Regia a musis Westmonastriensibus adumbrata, anno regni Regis Georgii secundi sexto, Annoque Domini MDCCXXXII.'

The poem is addressed to Queen Caroline when in retirement, 'While thee, great Prince, far-distant climes detain.'

I have also an old 'Busbeian' Greek grammar, printed on thin bluish paper, 'Londini sumptibus G. Ginger, ad insignia Collegii Westmonastriensis, juxta scholam regiam, 1813,' with arms of the school and motto, 'In patriam populumque.'

Also a number of editions of Terence, all from Dr. Markham's library, the handsomest edition, perhaps, being a large quarto, 'Cantabrigiæ Typis Academicis. Impensis Jacobi Tonson, Bibliopolæ, Londin, MDCCI.,' with a fine frontispiece engraved by T. Babtist, and lines running twenty to a page, and with the royal

arms as heading, and two flying horses as tail-piece, to each play.

Another quarto edition has a portrait, 'Fredericus, Georgii Walliæ Principis F. natu maximus,' after a picture by Ca. Boit, engraved by George Vertue, as a frontispiece—a Bentley edition, published at Cambridge, 'apud Cornelium Crowfield, MDCCXXVI.,' in a smaller type, and with copious notes. Also a little duodecimo edition, Paris, 1686, and an octavo, Basiliæ, 1616. These and others show the great love of Dr. Markham for the plays of Terence.

I have also the following old engravings: A caricature sketch by Sir Peter Lely of Dr. Busby's Chair, presented to the doctor by King Charles II., and published by Godfree Ginger, bookseller to the Westminster School, Great College Street, and with this inscription below:

'Sedes ecce tibi: quæ tot produxit alumnos
Quot gremio nutrit Granta, quot Isis habet.'

One of Little Dean's Yard from beyond Rigaud's, showing on right Grant's and Weare's steps and the houses in perspective. The racquet-courts, school steps, cloister arch, Ashburnham House, etc., as given in J. T. Smith's drawing, *temp.* 1808. The dress of the Queen's Scholars—College waistcoat, breeches, and stockings, the bully on the gown sleeve, etc.—is well given; also 'Monos' is standing on the school steps.

Another engraving depicts the arrival of His Majesty King William IV. at the Play, on December 15, 1834. The King is being received by the captain of the King's Scholars at the entrance to College.



"The Five Chimnies" at Tothill Fields.


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N.B. : 'There will be moonlight for those who like to walk home' (as the old Highbury Barn advertisements used to say), for the moon shows over the school arch.

A view of the entrance to Westminster Hall, with the Abbey showing above it. On the top of the low Lantern-tower there is a crane erected as though building operations were going on.

A print of the race between Eton and Westminster on July 29, 1847, Eton winning by one minute thirty seconds; published by Charles Moody. The winning boat is shown passing Bell's Tavern and Avis's Billiard-Rooms above Putney Bridge, rowing downstream, poor Westminster far away in the rear.

In a cutting from a newspaper, pasted by the print, the names of the crews are given, H. R. Barker being the Westminster stroke. The weights give 11 stone 3 pounds in favour of Eton. The crews are given as in 'Rowing at Westminster.'

This print must have come to me from my eldest brother, W. T. Markham, who steered the Eton crew in 1846.

On the same page of the scrap-book there is also a printed account of the race in 1846, when W. G. Rich rowed stroke of the Westminster boat (crews as in 'Rowing at Westminster'), the weights being again in favour of Eton by 4 stone 6½ pounds. Eton had the Middlesex shore — the race was from Mortlake to Putney—and, as *Bell's Life* puts it : 'Abreast of Searle's yard, 3 to 1 on the Pink went a-begging,' and Westminster won by 2½ boat's-lengths.

I have also a very curious old lithograph without letterpress; underneath is written, 'Five Chimnies, Westminster, and the old Duck.'

It represents a queer old house that stood between Tothill Fields (now Vincent Square) and Vauxhall Bridge. An old house, with five chimneys on the main building, a pond in front frozen over, upon which four Queen's Scholars are skating in caps and gowns. One has a hockey-stick which he is flourishing over a bung, another is putting on his skates; the other two are doing the 'outside edge' and the 'spread-eagle' respectively. Old Mother Hubbard and her donkey are to be seen in the background, and two more Queen's Scholars. The sketch has a good winter effect.

I am told that at the Old Duck (or Five Chimneys) two guns could be hired for snipe-shooting on Tothill Fields, flint and steel guns; one was called 'the Golden Touch-hole,' the other 'the Silver Touch-hole.' This was so late as 1818. This was told me by the Rev. W. R. Markham, who, with his two brothers, John and Fred, was at the school from 1811 to 1818.

This house was originally built as a plague hospital. In the same scrap-book I also found the three accounts that I have already mentioned—bills for boarding 'up Grant's,' 1809, 1813, and 1814.

CHAPTER VII

'IN BOUNDS'

Shops and shopkeepers—Yacht-building—School servants—
In bounds and out.

ONE cannot write about Westminster School life without enumerating the shops and shopkeepers.

The shops that were employed by the school were mostly in Great College Street and its neighbourhood. Almost opposite the arch from Great Dean's Yard, and at the corner of Bowling Street, was Mother Sutcliffe's, a tuck-shop (did we call them tuck-shops? I think not. Anyhow, she sold food, lollypops, etc.). Two bow-windows, with steps up and a door between, counters on each side, and cram full of home and half boarders and the small fry, it was not much frequented by the bigger boys. Sutcliffe himself seldom appeared; he was doorkeeper for Cox and Co., the army agents in Craig's Court, where I often saw him in later days, as they were my regimental agents. Passing down the street, you came to Martin's, shoemaker and football-maker to the school. He was a cheery old fellow, with a round face and black whiskers, always with spectacles on the end of his nose, over which he looked as he talked to you, constantly at work with his two

hog-bristle needles; and a good workman he was, as is his son. I have had all my heavy shoes and shooting boots from Martin and Son from those days till now. His son follows in his footsteps, and well deserves this advertisement. Martin was the successor of Cobbler Foote, famous for the administration of strap-oil to unwary new-comers, who were sent to buy pennyworths of it and got it hot. I knew about that before I arrived, for my father had an oil-painting of Cobbler Foote with his strap ready in his hand. The next shop down the street was Ginger's, the school bookseller's, dating from 1806, or earlier, for I have a book—'Sacred Exercises'—with Ginger's name as publisher, and date 1806, and a list of scholars dated 1788, sold by Godfree Ginger and others. It is now abolished. You entered up two or three steps, books on shelves all round, in sets according as they were required by the different forms, the counter on the right, and a stove in the middle of the shop, on which stood a saucer full of tepid water. The shop always smelt of glue and bookbinding in general.

Here each boy was served out with a 'dip'—*i.e.*, a small glass bottle with a sponge inside soaked in ink; a bundle of new quill pens (steel pens were never used); and a bundle of 'quarterns'—ruled paper about 8 or 9 inches square; also a 'fair-showing book'—a thin, sharp-edged book for copying out verses, etc., and a capital book for shying at short range. He also received the form books that were told off for his form for that half, and the book of the Play if it was the last half of the year. Touching on 'fair-showing books'

reminds me of an episode 'up Grant's.' I was then in the middle 'Chiswick.' Some of the inner 'Chiswick' were in the habit of half opening the door and heaving a big lexicon or other book into the midst of our evening amusements—cooking, cards, or whatever was going on. I resented this, and lay in wait with my 'fair-showing book' at the ready. One Hammond opened the door to bombard us. I at once threw my weapon, struck him on the nose, and broke it. I saw him once in after-life, and his nose had still a slight list to port (as sailors say); he had been in the front rank when noses were served out (as soldiers say). Hammond joined the 46th Regiment and served in the Crimea. Talking about the quill pens and quarterns, the juniors in College were always expected to have a supply of these ready when called for, and the minor candidates were always eager to buy up any that were left over at the end of the half. No one ever used a pen twice: you always broke its back, shied it at someone, and it was trodden under foot. Turning the corner into Barton Street, you came to dear old Mrs. Shotton's, another tuck-shop, but much more select as to its customers and the food supplied. There was a back-room—where 'the eight' ate their raw beefsteaks when in training—and there was a cozy little box between the fire and the front window where we small boys ate bread and cheese and pickles, generally onions, for which we dabbed in the plate, turn about, with two-pronged forks. The Stilton cheese, fourpence a plate, was always a complete round off the cheese, or red

cheese threepence a plate, and pickles twopence, enough for two. The Derby cakes were delicious, round, flat, and crisp, with plums; then there were most excellent jam open tarts, some of them apricot, some strawberry or raspberry; Queen cakes in heart shape, and all manner of good things. She was a dear, roundabout old lady, and made all these things herself.

Further down the street, also on the right-hand side, was Mother Vickers's circulating library, mostly novels, old, dog-eared, and torn, which were much patronized. Her son was a painter, and was employed to paint up names in the school.

Returning to College Street, there were no more shops, only houses on the right, and the old Abbey wall built by Abbot Litlington, in the fourteenth century, on your left, running from Dean's Yard arch to the far end of College gardens, with entrances by the close-shut back-doors to Rigaud's, Grant's, the under-master's house, and College sanatorium. Beyond College gardens were some mews; here the father of my great friend Bankes had his stables, the house being at Poets' Corner. In these stables Bankes and I established a workshop, or rather, a boat-building yard, from whence were turned out two first-class yachts, a revenue cutter—to be the property of Bankes; I forget its name—and a narrow-bowed, two-masted lugger called the *Sea-horse*—for me. Both were hewn out of the solid block. There was a shop near Temple Bar, to which we made constant visits, 'skipping up town,' to buy miniature blocks, dead-eyes, anchors, and other

yacht furniture, beautifully made, and small as you pleased. Masts and spars were supplied from Studlands, near Poole, where Bankes's people lived. He was well up in rigging, etc., and my father at that time had a yacht, the *Merlin*, R.Y.S., and I spent my summer holidays at Cowes or on board of her, so the rigging was all correct. At the foot of College Street is Abingdon Street; here, with its back to the river and the marble works, was Boyd the baker's, where hot buns and rolls were to be bought; and further on, past the Chequers public-house, was the way down to the Barges, our landing-place for the river, and beyond that, the then-unfinished mass of the Victoria Tower and the Houses of Parliament.

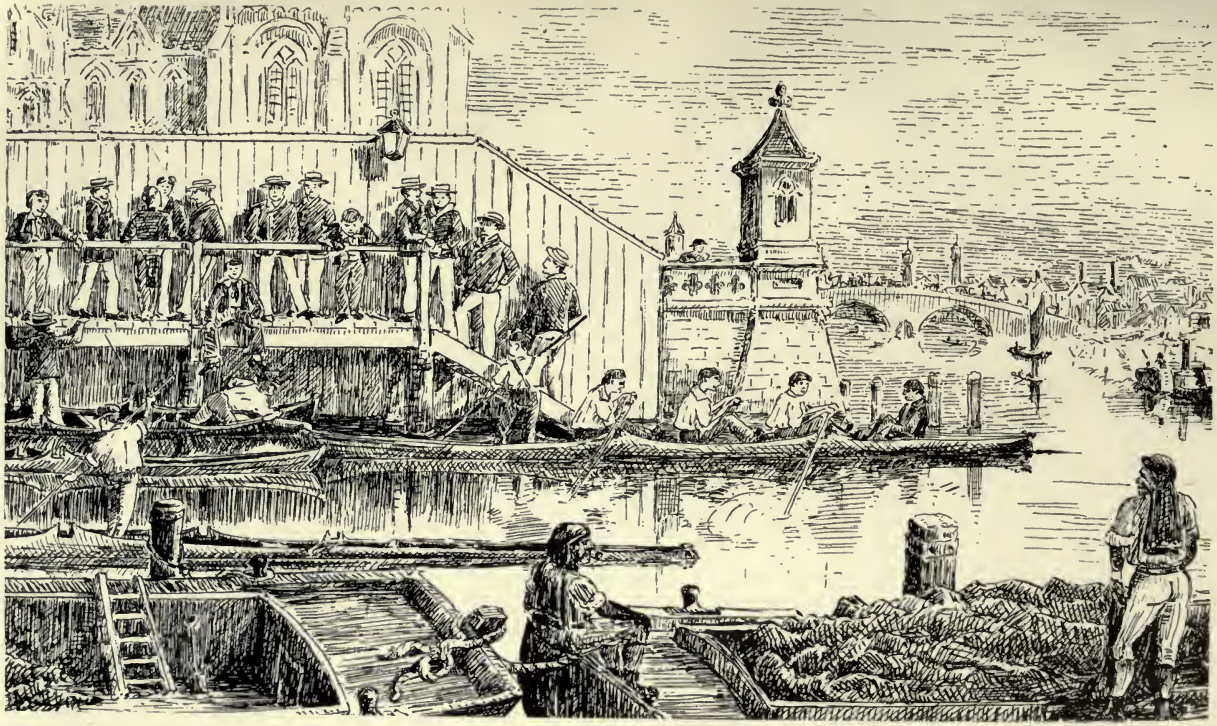
The pavement on the opposite side of Abingdon Street was sacred to the Sixth Form; it was cheek for any boy not in the Sixth to walk upon it. Poets' Corner was our boundary in this direction, Westminster Hall and the Houses of Parliament being included; but in the other direction, towards the horse-ferry, and in at the back of College Street, towards St. John's Church, there were no fixed bounds. There were two places in Bowling Street connected with the school. One the tailor's shop; the tailor's name was Staines, and I can remember the men sitting on the table, with legs crossed, stitching away, in a steaming atmosphere, the result of hot irons and damping processes.

The other place was Wright's, a small, quiet public-house; this was on the left hand, near the tailor's. We were not allowed to go there, but, nevertheless, the

thirsty man must be refreshed, and a drink at Dean's Yard pump was hardly good form. Drunkenness was not a school vice, and I cannot remember a single case of a boy being punished for it.

Another shop was just out of bounds, near Westminster Hospital; the name was Dobbs, a hosier and glover. Here we got our jerseys, and pink handkerchiefs and the straw hats with pink ribbon, and even the pea-jackets called 'shags,' with the brass buttons with R.S.W. (Regia Schola Westmonastriensis), all these forming the rig-out for a member of the first eight. I suppose he also supplied the uniform of the cricket eleven.

I must now mention the College servants and men employed in connection with the school. First comes 'College John.' His surname was Lloyd; he acted as general servant in College, door-keeper and locker-up at lock-hours, made the rods, and superintended the cleaning of school and College. He was one of a succession of College Johns, the office having been held in that family for generations. I have a print of an older College John of my father's time—I believe an ancestor of our John. Then there was a nice old fellow called 'Stoker,' surname unknown, whose 'hole' was at the back of the wooden-racquet court, by the entrance to College; here he stoked the school fires. He knew us all by name. Some years after I left I met him outside school. I said, 'Holloa, Stoker! you don't know who I am?' He looked at me for a moment, and said, 'Why, you're Markham—old Markham.' He was quite right, for I had a brother there with me for a year



"The Barges."

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who left early to join the navy. Then there was 'Fairy.' His surname was Mentor or Minton, a tall, active, slight-built man with a cane. He was a sort of constable to the Dean and Chapter, who kept order in the cloisters and Dean's Yard, and was the terror of all 'skies'—*i.e.*, the rough element of the non-Westminster population. He always perambulated the street round 'green' during football hours. Another old character was 'Ballman'—name again unknown. He used to stand at the corner of the wire-racquet court, by the ball-fag, with a white canvas bag containing balls, and generally a wire—*i.e.*, catgut-strung —racquet or a wooden racquet. He also mended our broken strings and took orders for new racquets, but I do not think he made the racquets himself. A poor old idiot named 'Boots' used to look in occasionally; why he was allowed to prowl about I do not know, but he had the entrée. He would eat anything you gave him—newspapers, tobacco, potato-peelings: nothing came amiss to him. He had also the power of having epileptic fits, price one shilling, when he would roll on the ground and foam at the mouth, a disgusting spectacle. I must complete this list by the men at 'fields'—*i.e.*, cricket—and the two 'Jacks' on the water. The keeper of the ground at 'fields'—*i.e.*, Vincent Square—was old Bentley. He had a house by the entrance, and had to keep the pitch in order, do umpire, etc. He was too old for cricket, but had been a player in his day, and could talk about it still; a portly figure, and I think he wore a tall white hat and green coat when umpire and on gala-days. He

had a son, young Bentley, who acted as a second professional to the school, and helped his father with the ground, a man about thirty-five; he was a fairly good bowler.

The two 'Jacks' are so intimately connected with the water and our doings thereon that their description must be reserved for the chapters on 'Water,' *i.e.*, rowing.

The bounds at Westminster would have been very difficult to 'beat.' The Poets' Corner boundary was accurate enough, except that Westminster Hall and the Houses of Parliament were considered 'in bounds.' Towards the Sanctuary the boundary was distinct—*i.e.*, the Dean's Yard arch, with a prescriptive right to go to Dobbs's the hosier's; but at the back of College Street bounds were most vague; there was, indeed, no settled boundary. You could make the cross-cut by St. John's Church to the horse-ferry (*en route* by the ferry to Noulton the boat-builder's, near Lambeth Church), or on up by Milbank Penitentiary to Vauxhall Bridge. You could go up to Vincent Square for cricket, and wander about the streets in that direction; but there was a short way to 'fields,' which was distinctly 'out of bounds,' leading through some very slummy streets, now much altered, if not swept away, by the broad sweep of Victoria Street and the streets connected with it. It always seemed to me that the whole of the respectable part of the town of London was out of bounds, and all the slums were in bounds. Within bounds the town boys, except the Sixth Form, always walked about without hats;

no other head-coverings were ever seen except tall hats and college-caps. Straw hats were worn only by the two eights, first and second, cricketing-caps only by the eleven, and not by them except when *en route* for 'water' or 'fields.' For football in 'green' no head-covering was worn.

CHAPTER VIII

'OUT OF BOUNDS'

'Going out'—The Duke's funeral—Billets for Saturday and Sunday—Theatres—Skipping up town—The holidays—The bagman—Holiday tasks.

Our chief time 'out of bounds' was 'going out,' when we went up town for Saturday afternoon and Sunday. The rule for going out was this, that you must have some relation or friend of your family to go to, and that you brought back a letter to your housemaster on the Sunday night to say that you had spent your outing there. A list of relations and friends of your family, who were likely to ask you, was furnished to your housemaster by the parent or guardian of each boy; but boys often 'went out' to other boys' friends and relations, and some discretion was allowed to the housemaster in this respect.

You dressed in your town clothes, put your kit in a small bag, drew your cab-money, put on your tall hat, and departed, often walking and carrying your bag to save your cab-money for more useful purposes. One's recollections of these Saturdays and Sundays out can scarcely be considered part and parcel of Westminster life, but they all intermingle with my school-life, and

I must be excused for inserting one or two that may perhaps be interesting or amusing.

The Duke's funeral for one. The body of the old Duke of Wellington was lying in state at Chelsea Hospital, and between schools I and a friend made an attempt to see the sight. We got into a crowd, and moved along on the footway step by step for an hour or more, hot, crushed, dusty, and with our toes stamped upon, women fainting, children on men's shoulders, amid cries of 'Where are you shoving to?' and at last had to get out of the crush into the open street, and run back to Westminster without having been within a mile of the hospital.

One boy did get in, but he had the wit to tip the driver of some private carriage, and drove up in state. On the day of the funeral my cousin, Harry Wickham, and I were given places in Piccadilly, opposite the Green Park, at the house of an old Westminster, Sir Frederick Roe; here we had a splendid view. My chief excitement was seeing my eldest brother, then in the Rifle Brigade, of which the old Duke had been Colonel-in-Chief, marching in command of the leading company. Before the funeral I had seen the horses that were to draw the car being practised, drawing an enormous waggon 10 tons in weight. The drivers had halted to refresh themselves at the Chequers, the public-house near the Barges in Abingdon Street.

One Sunday when I was out with Minto Farquhar, at his father's (Sir Minto's) house in Gloucester Terrace, we went off, young Minto, the father, and I, to a church near the Edgware Road. About the com-

mencement of the sermon smoke began to rise through the gratings in the floor of the church; this nearly caused a stampede, but Sir Minto, who was churchwarden, with great presence of mind, jumped up on his seat, spread forth his hands, and cried out, 'Be calm, be calm: there is no danger. Let those near the door file out first, and we will follow in turn. Please sit down, all except the back-pews.' He then sat down himself, the people followed his example, and all got out quietly and safely. There was no real danger, as the smoke was caused by sticks getting alight in the heating-chamber. When we got out, young Minto and I were just congratulating ourselves on 'no sermon,' when Sir Minto marched us off to another church where the service began later, so we came in for a sermon and a quarter. Some people never know when they have had enough.

A first-cousin of mine, Sir Clements Markham, now President of the Elizabethan Club, and an old Westminster, thoroughly understood the art of taking a boy out. He used to tell me to meet him at Verey's, a restaurant under the old Opera Arcade, and after a hearty luncheon away we went. He had always some scheme on hand—the launch of a ship down the river, a visit to Maudsley's Engine Works, a round of the Crystal Palace (then just moved from Hyde Park), or other delights. He always took the greatest interest in Westminster, and is now a member of the governing body; he still has boys out, and no doubt treats them as kindly as he did me forty-five years ago.

I have mentioned Sir Frederick Roe; he was for many years the chief magistrate at Bow Street, for which services he was knighted, and afterwards became a Baronet. Sir Frederick was a great friend of my uncle, Harry Wickham's father. They were old Westminster comrades, entering College, Sir Frederick in 1805, H. L. Wickham in 1806, and both were elected to Christ Church. Sir Frederick was very kind to my cousin and myself, often asking us down in the summer to a charming villa he had at Fulham, with a long stretch of shady lawn sloping down to the river, a few hundred yards below Putney Bridge; there we used to bathe and paddle about in an old skiff, and had a real good time. Harry Wickham joined the Rifle Brigade in 1855, and retired as Captain in 1872. His elder brother, William, was also at Westminster, and was member for East Hants for several years.

When 'out' at my uncle Wickham's, Harry and I, as small boys, were generally packed off to the play on the Saturday nights in charge of the old butler, always sitting in the pit, which was then the best place, occupying the space now taken up by the stalls. We used to dine early—chicken and bread sauce—get to the theatre before doors were opened, and then squeeze our way in, for front row if possible. 'The Lady of Lyons,' 'To Parents and Guardians,' 'Villikins and his Dinah,' were some of the plays we liked, and Charles Mathews, Robson, Wright, and Macready were our favourite actors. We also often looked in at our old friend Astley's, and at a music-hall of early

date called the Canterbury, both over Westminster Bridge.

Often on a summer afternoon we would hail a bus in Piccadilly, climb on to the top, and travel just as far as the bus went, often right away into the country, changing horses, and then back again. We took our chance as to our destination; that was part of the fun of it.

I also had a jolly old cousin who lived in Welbeck Street; this was a safe find to go out to if I was hard up for a billet. He had been a sailor, and was very fond of oil pictures, mostly French. I several times turned up there late at night after a visit to Eton or a long pull up-river; there was always a bed for me, and it was handy for the Zoological Gardens on Sunday.

There was another form of 'up-town' experiences, and that was 'skipping up town'—*i.e.*, up town without leave. For a Queen's Scholar or a town boy not in the Sixth Form, the chief difficulty was dress. I do not think the collegers did much 'skipping.' We town boys were always at it. Our tall hats were our difficulty; these we kept at Mother Sutcliffe's or Mother Shotton's, and we generally worked out by Abingdon Street. When our aim was the City, we either crossed the river by one bridge and back by another, or ran down by Citizen steamer from Westminster Bridge Pier. For the Strand we had a short-cut, which took you through by old Hungerford Market, past the penny-ice stall and the man with the musical finger-glasses, and so to the Adelphi

Theatre, or perhaps as far as the Olympic, to attend afternoon performances of pantomimes, etc. We generally resorted to the gallery; it was cheaper and more retired. One seldom, if ever, met a master. Any boy with a good excuse could get 'leave up town,' and if you met any master, except your own housemaster, he would conclude you had leave. Marshall had one nasty trick; if you asked for leave up town, he would say, 'Where are you going?' 'Madame Tussaud's' was a favourite answer, whereupon he would say, 'Upon your honour you go there'; and then, according to our code of honour, to Madame Tussaud's you had to go to waste a shilling, and very likely be unable to fulfil some pressing engagement in another direction.

In my earlier years at Westminster we used to have tickets given us in summer to go to the Lambeth Swimming-Baths, across Westminster Bridge. We used to go viâ the Little Sanctuary and across St. Margaret's Churchyard. In those days the yard was thickly strewn with stone monumental slabs laid flat over the graves, and it was considered the right thing to cross the yard without stepping on the earth, jumping from stone to stone by a zigzag route.

I notice now that these useful slabs are all removed; greensward is in their place, surrounded by a low rail 6 inches in height, of an ecclesiastical pattern. At Lambeth we used a fine large bath, with a good platform for a running header at the deep end; here the water was about 6 feet deep, shoaling to about

4 feet at the far end. Dressing-rooms on both sides, and steps at intervals.

We had no swimming-master, but soon picked it up. Every boy who went on the water was bound to learn. The old hands had a very useful form of instruction. They used to assemble all boys who could not swim on the platform, place them in a row, and make them all jump in at the word of command, they standing behind to flick you with a wet towel-end if you did not jump; they then took headers in amongst the struggling small boys and practised saving life. It was customary to count the small boys before and after, lest any should be missed. One day a boy who could both swim and dive came up for a joke with the pack; he jumped in with the crowd, dived, came up under one of the side-ladders, and hid there. The saved boys were counted: one boy was missing. This caused great excitement till the culprit was found, and, of course, chastised. There was another swimming-bath close by, at the Albany Baths; this bath was much smaller, but the water was cleaner and warmer in winter.

During my later years at the school new baths were opened in Great Smith Street, to which we were given tickets in place of the Lambeth Baths. These were much smaller; the bottom and sides were of white glazed tiles, and all was new and clean. There were dressing-rooms, in two tiers, at one end, and a platform for standing headers; the depth ranged from about 4 feet to 6 feet at the far end. My sailor brother, Alfred Markham, used to take headers from

the balcony, in front of the upper dressing-boxes, across the floor below and into the shallow end. No other boy ever attempted this.

On Sunday in summer, when out, my friend Lewis Williams and I often found our way to a swimming-bath near Kensington Palace—a small square bath, with a thick rope hanging down from the roof over the water, on which we played monkey tricks; this was a great delight.

Lewis and I also occasionally slipped away after mid-day school to the stables of his father, the Judge, where we had horses ready saddled for us, for a ride, generally a gallop in Rotten Row. Luckily, none of the masters were given to horse exercise. This amusement was rather risky, but our good luck on all these occasions carried us safely through.

One cannot help saying a word or two about the holidays—three in the year: three weeks at Whitsuntide; six weeks at Bartlemytide, when we often had an extra week; and four weeks at Christmas. We also had a little more than the usual Saturday and Sunday out at Easter.

Leaving early, as I always did, for my long journey to Yorkshire, I never saw the real 'break-up' of the school—*i.e.*, the final rush down school. But I well remember the preparations for departure: sorting out what would be required at home, packing up the yacht, or the catapult (not the vulgar one of the present day, but a cricket catapult on a reduced scale), or the last new thing in electric machines, or other things that we had manufactured during the half, mostly

made with the pocket-knife, as there was no joiners' shop in those days. Then you had a four-wheeler or hansom waiting at the Little Dean's Yard arch; you got the house-porter to carry your things across, and away you drove.

I used to train to Leeds, and was there met by an old coachman and the dogcart, for a ten-mile drive to my home.

Once when travelling down, second class, there was an oldish well-groomed man, of the bagman class, in the carriage with me. We got into conversation, and he drew me out, asking where I was at school, where I lived, what sort of a place it was, how many horses we kept, etc., till at last he said: 'Well, it seems a niceish sort of a place, and I think I will stop at Leeds, and come and stay with your people for a week or so.' I was horrified, thinking that he really meant it. Imagine my relief when I found that he did not get out at Leeds. The brute must have thoroughly enjoyed pulling my leg, and making a fool of a poor little mite, as I then was. I had been debating with myself how he was to be squeezed into the dogcart, and what my father and mother would say when we drove up, for I was sharp enough to see the man's class, or, rather, his want of it.

Holiday time was jolly enough, and yet one was never sorry to go back to the delights of 'water,' 'green,' 'fields,' etc.

I don't think that holiday tasks were taken very seriously by the masters; no one seemed to care

whether you had looked at your task or not. One generally put the book in one's hand-bag, to 'muzz' it up in the train ; but there we were too much engaged with flying kites made of bits of newspaper on a long string, which we allowed to bang against the windows of compartments in the rear of the train, playing whist or beggar-my-neighbour with miniature cards, or with other readings more exciting than the holiday task.

CHAPTER IX

'GREEN'

Football in 'green'—Rules of the game—Fights with the 'skies'—Football at 'fields'—The match game—The half before Whitsuntide—Pole-leaping—Hockey—Quoits.

'GREEN' was the usual name for the general game at football, which took place daily during the autumn half, and in a less constant fashion in the half before Whitsuntide. I call it the 'general game,' for at Westminster we had two different games—one for 'green,' one for 'fields,' the last being match games, generally played against old Westminsters or other clubs.

The real Westminster football was the game in 'green'—that is, in Great Dean's Yard. It was indeed a general game, for every boy had to play. Attendance in 'green' was compulsory in the half before Christmas, Sixth Form perhaps excepted; but few, if any, stayed away. The goals were at top and bottom of 'green,' and were called respectively the Terrace Goal and the Abbey Goal. The goals were about 20 yards wide; the ball, to score a goal, had to pass at any height between two trees at either end, and had to hit the rails or pass over them. The

small boys, the duffers, and the funk-sticks were the goal-keepers, twelve or fifteen at each end, and were spread out across this wide space; if any fellow who was playing out showed any sign of 'funk,' or failed to play up, he was packed off into goals at once, not only for that day, but as a lasting degradation. But, on the other hand, if any goal-keeper made a good save of a goal, or made a plucky attempt to tackle a fellow who was charging down upon the goal, he was called for immediately to play out, and thenceforth he played out always. The footballs were made by Old Martin in Great College Street, with bladders inside, which were constantly being replaced or reblown, round balls and not very large, first-rate for 'kick-about.' They bounded true, not like those lopsided Rugby balls. You could kick one high, full volley from the hand, watch the bound, and kick up again time after time. Martin had always two or three ready, fresh blown, for each day's play. Sides were chosen, two of the best hands tossing for first choice of men and of goals; each picked out alternately twelve or fifteen of the best, and the rest of the players-out were roughly divided. It was a proud moment when one first found one's self chosen by name, and not herded off among the ruck.

A bully was formed in the middle of 'green' opposite the pump, with an opening down the middle; all the heavy-weights went into the bully, the light-weights and quick runners dodging about outside, ready to dash off with the ball as soon as it worked out. The word 'Ready' was given, and the ball was

thrown in between the lines; then there was a general shinning match till it worked out. No off-side play was allowed. If the ball was kicked over the rails, it was supposed to be thrown in straight; if kicked against the rails beyond the trees marking the flanks of the goals, there was a free kick-off, both sides standing back. When this took place the off-side rule did not hold good, and we generally arranged to which side the kicker-off was to send the ball, and had a pack there ready to rush the ball away to the enemy's goal. The enemy, of course, watched for this manœuvre, and, if we packed together, sent men over to check us. Handling the ball was allowed, but only to this extent: You might not pick a ball up from the ground, or after first bound was over, but you might catch it either before or after first bound if fairly in the air; and you might then, if so be that you were not previously charged, and knocked head-over-heels, take two or three paces with it, sufficient for a half-volley kick off the hand. You might not 'punt' it from off the hand—that is, kick it full volley—or drive it with your fist. The ball was, of course, constantly against the side-rails, and there were perpetual rough-and-tumble bullies there, especially by the pump, where the rails projected in a semicircle into 'green.' Here the ball would often hang for five or ten minutes together. In these bullies shinning was allowed, and many a hack one got. Shin-guards were unknown in those days. The fellows next to the rails held on to them, and forced their way along, shinning their way through the press, the outsiders

shoving with the shoulder, the Light Brigade on the watch on the skirts of the bully. The boys in goals had a cold time of it, poor little beggars! jackets on, but no caps, and hands deep in their pockets. There was no 'time' or changing of ends, and the only break in the game was at a goal or before a kick-out.

I think this is a fairly descriptive account of the game in 'green' as played for the last five years of my school-life; but when I first came running with the ball (Rugby fashion) was allowed, and 'fist punting,' when you had the ball in hand—hitting the ball with your doubled fist, the first joints of the thumb and forefinger being the driving weapon. One 'Phlob' Fellows, our fast bowler, was very fond of this running with the ball, and many a goal was got by the 'fist punting.' If you were near enough, and had the ball in hand, you could hardly fail in your shot. Of course, when running like this, the enemy tripped, shinned, charged with the shoulder, got you down and sat upon you—in fact, might do anything short of murder to get the ball from you. I think that this running and 'fist punting' was stopped in 1851 or 1852. At that time matches eleven a side began to be played, not in 'green,' but up at 'fields.'

The match game was entirely different from the school game. The ball was the same, but the goals were quite narrow, with high posts, between which at any height the goal had to be kicked, and one good man was told off to defend it, with liberty to stop at home or to charge out at his discretion, but not to follow the ball up. The rest of the eleven were not told off, but

dropped each into the place he was best fitted for. The game played was much like the Association game, and, as Mr. Sargeaunt says in his excellent book, 'Annals of Westminster School,' 'The football of Westminster and Charterhouse was the mother of the present Association game.' The chief differences were: first, the catching and short run for the half-volley kick; second, the non-placing of the men; third, the non-use of the head.

Neither in this game in 'green,' after the running with the ball in hand was stopped, nor in the match game, were you allowed to handle a man. You were allowed to shoulder a man who was likely to get the ball, but you might not trip or shin a man unless he had the ball in his hand for a half-volley kick or was actually kicking the ball. Whilst in the army I often drew up rules for garrison football, to be played by both naval and military officers from all manner of schools, and my Westminster rules were adopted at Malta, Gibraltar, Fleetwood, etc., and seemed always to meet the wants of both officers and men. This was before the Association rules were drawn up.

And now for a few recollections in connection with the good old game—first as to the game in 'green,' and then at 'fields.'

There was a right of way through Dean's Yard for foot-passengers, and there was always a crowd of people watching our game in 'green'—some, respectable folk; some, 'skies.' Onlookers were expected to throw the ball straight back when kicked over the rails. They generally did so. Even when a man took a

kick to send it back, and kicked it in, no notice was taken by us; but if a man took a second kick, or three or four began kicking the ball about to amuse themselves, then there was a rumpus. If it was a single person, boy or man, a Westminster boy of about the right size was chosen, and given a leg-up over the rails, to avenge the offence. If sent over, the first thing was to charge your enemy with the shoulder and send him flying. Quite a small boy would dispose of an average-sized man in this way, generally taking him when in the act of picking up the ball; but if he stood up to you, then it came to fists, several of the big fellows joining you to see fair play, and now and then it ended in a general mêlée and we cleared Dean's Yard.

Almost the first fight of this kind that I saw was between my cousin, Charlie Mure, and a butcher. The butcher had his long trencher in which he carried his meat about. Mure vaulted over the rails and went for him. The butcher got his trencher by the two handles and made a round sweep with it at Mure as he came on. Mure dodged the trencher and dashed in, giving him one on the jaw which sent him flying with his head against the wall, near Canon Bentinck's house-door. He lay stunned. We put him under the pump and did what we could, but he was some time coming to; then he was handed over to Fairy, who walked him off, and no more was heard about it. Charley Mure was a difficult man to tackle.

One wet day we were playing 'kick about' in 'green,' the ball being covered with mud. A Queen's

Scholar, Spence by name, a studious boy, was walking along in 'green' with an open book in his hand, when he was struck unexpectedly by the ball in the face, and one of the poor fellow's eyes was seriously injured, if not blinded, by it. He was a younger brother of the present Dean of Gloucester.

Up at 'fields,' also, we were constantly having rows; every man's hand was against us, and even the carrying of the footballs up to 'fields' was a service of danger. It was a longish walk through a rough neighbourhood, and one or two sturdy boys were specially told off, who had the honour of taking the balls up, and stood an off-chance of being robbed of them on the way.

There was a gang of marble workers, men of the navvy class, who were the chief offenders when the ball was kicked over up at 'fields.' The works where they were employed were close to Vincent Square, and they generally came trooping out in a body during our afternoon game. These fellows, if our ball was kicked over, would start away down a side-street with it, kicking the ball in front of them; then there was always a general fight, and the shoulder and fists came much into play.

I have little recollection of any special occurrences during football games. I can remember the great Chitty, Oxford oar, cricketer, and double first, a very 'admirable Crichton' in our boyish eyes, playing against us at 'fields,' standing with legs apart over the ball, and shouldering us over right and left as we charged him.

I also remember an altercation between my friend Julius Alington and a member of some visiting team. Julius charged him, the man struck Julius with his fist, and we had to interfere to prevent a fight; for the blood of Julius was up, and he was always only too ready with his fists.

In a game up-'fields'—I think it was a match Town Boys *v.* Queen's Scholars, in my last half at Westminster, year 1855—I came to fearful grief. I had got clear away with the ball, and with a good start was dribbling it down best pace to the collegers' end, with only the goal-keeper, J. J. Cowell, between me and the goal. I was in the very act of kicking the goal, which I got, when Cowell charged me. I must have had my head low down, taking my line for my shot at the goal, for Cowell, who was shorter than myself, somehow struck me with his front-teeth against my forehead, tearing a flap of skin down over my eyes. We were both knocked out of time; Cowell lost one or two of his front-teeth, and I had to have my forehead sewn up, and still show a horseshoe mark between my eyes.

Cowell went up head to Trinity College in 1856. He was a very good-natured fellow, and a perfect 'dab' at verses; he would reel off a copy of Latin verses for anyone who asked him, seemingly without effort. I never heard that he blossomed into a poet in after-life; he became a lawyer.

I am pleased to see that the old love of football has been handed down to the present generation, and that the old Westminsters can still put a team in the

field that can hold its own with some of the best teams in England.

After our matches at 'fields,' or when it came on wet, we used to retire to the dining-shed—or shall we call it 'the pavilion?'—and send young Bentley for some shandy-gaff; then we used to sing songs till it was time to get back for lockers. One favourite song with a rousing chorus we were always singing; I remember a verse of it:

'Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when the earth was young;
By the red, red light of his furnace bright
The strokes of his hammer rung.

Chorus: 'And he sang hurrah for my handywork,
Hurrah for the spear and sword!
Hurrah for the arm that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord!'

We were all very military at that time, and the song hit off our taste. Many had left to join the army, three to join the navy—Frank Lowther, C. Madan, and my brother Alfred—and many of us were itching to be off. Many were in the Crimea, and some gallant fellows were already gone, killed in action, or dying in the hard grip of disease. I can count eleven of my personal schoolfellows alone who were in the Crimea: R. Somerville, of the 23rd; R. Borough, of the Rifle Brigade; W. W. Jordan, of the 34th; A. Markham, R.N.; T. J. B. Connell, of the 46th; C. T. Wilson, of 4th Foot; Sir A. F. A. Slade, Bart., 57th Foot; H. C. W. Hammond, 46th Foot; G. de L. Lacy, 63rd Foot; W. Madan,

49th Foot; C. Madan, R.N. Of these, Somerville and C. Madan were killed in action, and Borough died during the siege of Sevastopol.

The roll of my schoolfellows present in India during the Mutiny is equally large. Two were killed in action: W. G. H. Bankes, 7th Hussars, and L. E. Cooper, of the Rifle Brigade—both at Lucknow. One was wounded: Sir J. H. T. Farquhar, at Chinhut. The following—J. H. Walwyn, 23rd Fusiliers; C. S. Steward, Madras Cavalry; A. A. Johnson, Madras Native Infantry; C. F. Gregorie, 23rd Fusiliers; A. Waterfield, Bengal Cavalry; T. Lavie, 24th Madras Native Infantry; R. F. Burton, 102nd Regiment; J. Biddulph, 5th Bengal Cavalry; and B. F. Schomberg, 49th Madras Native Infantry—also served in the Mutiny.

Add to these Charles Mure, 43rd Light Infantry, who had previously served in the Crimea, killed in New Zealand in 1864; and E. H. Lenon, 67th Foot, who received the V.C. for gallant conduct at the taking of the Taku Forts in 1861.

A goodly record for the old school, and a heavy death-roll—five lives out of the twenty-five names that I have enumerated.

Before parting from 'green,' I must say a few words respecting the half after Christmas; it was a short half, and cricket and 'water' commenced before the end of it. The challenges also interfered with our games. Football was played only in a half-hearted sort of way, and other sports were introduced. Jumping with or without a pole was a favourite amusement,

and on one occasion hockey was introduced, played with a football and gigantic sticks; the football required a good swing to drive it, and the good old hockey rule of 'No stick raised above the knee' was being constantly broken, with the natural consequence of broken heads for the players.

The authorities interfered, hockey was stopped, and poor Ballman's new trade in hockey-sticks was nipped in the bud; we who had already provided ourselves with the necessary bludgeon were much aggrieved.

Games at quoits, too, were occasionally played, generally an end or two going on at the bottom of 'green,' at the beginning of this half.

How it came about that our three divisions of the school year were always called 'halves' I am unable to explain, but so it was.

CHAPTER X

'WATER'

Choosing the eight—The various boats, etc.—The Barges—Boat-builders—The Jacks—The heavy fours—Water glossary—The cups and rudder—Water register, 1853—Various pulls.

In my last chapter I have mentioned the general slackness, as to football, in the first half of the year. All that time we were looking forward for fine weather and warmer days, in hopes of the order for 'water' and 'fields'—that is, rowing and cricket—coming out. This generally occurred about the end of March or the beginning of April, and a blessed day it was. Then began the selection of the eight for the coming season; likely oarsmen were tried in gig pairs, and old hands, such as Pat Colquhoun—I should say Sir Patrick—and Jack Wright were called into council. The leaving of the 'senior election' always caused a certain number of vacancies in the eight. Some of these were generally filled from the second eight, but this was rather the refuge of second-class oars, men who had been tried and found wanting in former years, so there was always a chance for an outsider.

In 1853 there were a number of vacancies to fill.

Almost all the old oars had left, or were leaving at Whitsuntide: R. B. Berens, E. O. Vincent, O. Salvin, C. Upperton, E. V. Williams, and last, but not least, Jack Wright, afterwards so well known as an oarsman at St. Margaret's, Cambridge, as stroke against Oxford in 1854, and in the sculling world; in fact, the old eight of 1852 was practically wiped out, and a new start had to be made. At first the Queen's Scholars, many of the seniors of the coming year having been in the second eight, proposed to select a number of their own men, cutting out the town boys. This was not to be stood, so we started a rival eight, getting promise of three stalwart town boys from the cricket eleven—Spencer Fellows, Julius Alington, and Henley Eden—all good oars. These, with Lord R. Grosvenor, Hon. E. Bourke, J. Gray, myself, and L. V. Williams, Q.S. (who had thrown in with us), made up a strong crew, which could easily have beaten any crew that the Queen's Scholars could have put on. They gave in, and a compromise was arranged. Five collegers were chosen: W. Hawthorn, C. T. Wilson, R. M. Freeman, C. S. Steward, and L. V. Williams; and three town boys: E. R. Bourke, J. Gray, and F. Markham, with Minto Farquhar, T.B., as cox. I had never rowed in an eight-oar, and I can well remember my pride and delight at jumping from stroke in a heavy four to No. 2 in the first eight. I also remember how one's oar slipped through the water in the eight, in comparison with the long heavy drag in the heavy four. This reminds me of the first attempt made by R. F. Burton in an eight-oar. An oar had failed us;

no one else except Burton, then a small boy, was at the Barges; he was put in at bow, caught a 'crab' first stroke, and went heels over head in the bows.

In 1854 T. Morton, F. Catt, W. W. Follett, and J. L. Sim took the places vacated by Hawthorn, Wilson, Onslow, and Steward. In 1855 I found myself left with only three of the old crew—Gray, Catt, and Follett; the following were selected in the place of those who were leaving: J. P. Ingham, E. O. Berens, H. G. E. Green, and S. G. Freeman, the three last being younger brothers of oarsmen that I have already mentioned, Walwyn taking the rudder lines in 1854, and Cowell in 1855.

The three crews that I rowed with were, therefore:

1853.	1854.
1. C. S. Steward, Q.S.	1. J. L. Sim, Q.S.
2. F. Markham, T.B.	2. W. W. Follett, Q.S.
3. J. Gray, T.B.	3. F. Catt, Q.S.*
4. W. Hawthorn, Q.S.	4. J. Gray, T.B.
5. Hon. E. R. Bourke, T.B.	5. T. Morton, T.B.
6. C. T. Wilson, Q.S.	6. F. Markham, T.B.
7. L. V. Williams, Q.S.	7. L. V. Williams, Q.S.
Stroke: R. M. Freeman, Q.S.	Stroke: R. M. Freeman, Q.S.
Cox: M. Farquhar, T.B.	Cox: J. Walwyn, T.B.

1855.

1. J. P. Ingham, Q.S.
2. S. G. Freeman, Q.S.
3. E. O. Berens, T.B.
4. H. G. E. Green, Q.S.
5. F. Catt, Q.S.
6. F. Markham, T.B.
7. W. W. Follett, Q.S.

Stroke: J. Gray, T.B.
Cox: J. J. Cowell, Q.S.

* F. Catt afterwards took the name of Willett.

These are, I think, the correct crews, though the places in the boat were often changed, and, of course, outsiders had often to be brought in, when men were sick or kept off the water. In 1853 A. L. Onslow often rowed, and occasionally S. Fellows; R. Southey also was often cox. In 1854 we were pretty regular in attendance. In 1855 I remember having to take the stroke oar in Gray's absence, and T. Waters, Q.S., rowing in his place, in a race against the old Westminsters.

So much for the eight-oar crews that I rowed with; but my water recollections run back to the year 1850, when I first began rowing in the heavy fours, so I must 'hark back.'

And first a few words as to the boats in which we rowed and sailed, the Barges from which we started, the boat-builders, and the Jacks, who had care of the boats.

In describing the boats, I will commence with the eight-oars.

Eight-oars were either the old-fashioned cutter, or the narrower boat with short outrigger at bow and stroke, or the outrigger eight for racing.

Six-oars: We had no six-oars in my time.

Four-oars: Either the heavy four, a four-oared cutter old style; or the outrigger bow and stroke, used in the Four-Oar Cup Race; or the outrigger complete.

Pair-oars: Either gigs with steerer, as used for the Silver Rudder, or outriggers, as used for the Silver Cup.



From an etching by W. Strudwick.

THE BOAT HOUSES AT LAMBETH.



LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Sculling boats: The light funny, always used for Junior Sculls, and for the Senior Sculls after 1854; the outrigger, used last for Senior Sculls in 1854.

Sculls or pair-oar boats, not used for racing, were the heavy funnies; these were used by the Jacks for towing the eights across and by us for 'humbugging about.' Funnies had bows both fore and aft, no rudder. Wherries, used mostly by watermen, with rudders and high projecting bows. Gigs, with rudders.

Then there were two kinds of sailing boats: (1) *Half-deckers*, small yachts rigged with one mast, made to lower to enable them to pass under the bridges, the forestay being fitted with a pair of blocks, by which means the mast could be lowered, taking good care to unhook the tack of the foresail before so doing. They carried a mainsail with gaff and boom, like a cutter, a fore-staysail, but no jib or bowsprit; they were steered by a tiller, and had a well in which you sat. They were good, safe sailing boats. (2) *Punch-bowls*, small sailing boats very wide in the beam and square in the stern; they carried a single sail, but whether a lug or barge-rigged I cannot remember. They were not decked, and steered with a tiller.

'The Barges' (so called) was the place we started from. We had wooden stairs, just above the hoardings surrounding the Houses of Parliament, which were then building. Numbers of barges, belonging to coal wharves and marble-works, were always moored just above our landing-stairs.

The boat-builders' yards were all across the water,

on the Lambeth side: Searle's yard nearest to Westminster Bridge—here our boats were kept when I was in the eight; Roberts' above that, who found us in boats before Searle; Renshaw's above him, who had the half-deckers; and Noulton and Wyld's above Lambeth Church, who had the best light sculling boats and pair-oars.

The Jacks were two in number, and had to bring the boats, the heavy fours always, and sometimes the first eight, across to our landing-stairs at the Barges. These Jacks were there all through my time; they had no known surnames, but were addressed as Cockeye and Bloody. Cockeye had a squint, Bloody had one eye suffused with blood. Their language was far from Parliamentary, and their appearance did them no credit; but they were both capable watermen, and could take an eight up-river safely to any point we named.

In the summer half, the boats that went up every evening (except Saturday and Sunday) were the two eights (first and second), two or three town boy heavy fours, and one Queen's Scholar heavy four. These were the school boats, kept and paid for out of the money weekly subscribed by those who went on the water. Besides these there were generally half-deckers and punch-bowls, if there was a good breeze, or pair-oars and sculling boats, privately hired for the day. Sometimes, also, during the latter part of the Whitsuntide half, there was another heavy four which was manned by the minor candidates.

In the morning the eights were seldom out, but the

heavy fours were manned, and went up to the Red House, as a short pull for the younger hands.

In 1850, 1851, and 1852 I must have been at first steering, and then rowing steadily in the heavy fours, latterly doing coach to the young oars in the morning, and in the evening rowing up to the Old Swan, about half a mile above Old Battersea Bridge, and, when the tide served, racing down against the other fours, from Battersea to Vauxhall. My father at that time had a schooner yacht, the *Merlin*, R.Y.S., 104 tons, hailing from Cowes, so I was afloat for most of the summer holidays, and had good practice in watermanship both there and at Westminster.

In 1853 I was chosen for the first eight, rowing No. 2, and sometimes bow.

In 1854 I moved down to 6.

In 1855 I kept my place at 6.

I have in my possession an old memorandum-book, size 3 inches by $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches, in which I find noted down day by day an account of all the boats in which I 'went on,' the various crews, the races, etc., throughout the 'water' half of 1853, being my first year in the eight, commencing on May 26 and ending on August 5. To old Westminster oarsmen I think these notes will be interesting, and I insert them here exactly as entered in the book, omitting only the repetition of the names of the oarsmen in the eight when the ordinary crew was afloat. When reading these notes, a few words, in the form of a 'water' glossary, may be useful to non-Westminster readers, and even to some of the present generation, who,

alas! have no experience of the water and its many delights.

'Water' meant boating in general.

'Went on,' 'Going on,' 'Kept off,' explain themselves.

'To ship' meant to take in water from a steamer's swell or otherwise.

'No water': when there was 'no water' or when 'kept off,' you had to answer your name at 'fields,' where names were called daily by an under-master. N.B.: Cricketers were never kept off 'fields'; it was a punishment, and a very heavy one, reserved for us poor oarsmen. There was 'no water' on the occasions of cricket-matches against the Marylebone C.C. or an Old Westminster eleven.

'Went out' means out 'up town,' for Saturday and Sunday.

'Out of school' meant sick.

The rowing prizes consisted of—

The Senior Sculls, open to all, rowed in outriggers till 1854, afterwards in light funnies.

The Junior Sculls, open to all who had not rowed for the Senior Sculls, rowed for in light funnies.

The Four-Oar Cups—silver goblets (two-handled) and pewters. These pewters were pint mugs with glass bottoms, with the arms of Westminster School and the names of the winning crew engraved upon them. These became the property of the crew, five pewters being given annually, and paid for by those entering. The fours were drawn by lots, four or five of the best oars being chosen, who then drew lots for

their crews. The race was rowed in outrigger bow and stroke four-oars.

The Pair-Oar Cups—two silver cups. The best men were picked out, and drew lots for their comrades in the race. Open to all.

The Rudder. This was open to town boys only; it was a small silver rudder with silver yoke-lines. My recollection is that boys not in the first eight rowed for it, steered by a town boy in the eight; but I see in my memorandum-book that both I and John Gray, who were then in the eight, rowed for it in 1853.

All these cups and prizes (except the pewters for the four-oars) were challenge cups, or challenge sculls, or challenge rudder, won for one year only, and then to be returned. On inquiring at Westminster, I am told that not one of these is in possession of the school. They should be restored at once, and kept with the Warren Hastings Cup and other relics of bygone days. Let me appeal to old Westminster oarsmen for help in this matter.

The names of several boys are mentioned in these memoranda who were not in the eight or rowing regularly: Spencer Fellows and Henley Eden, who were in the eleven; Lord R. Grosvenor and W. H. Bankes, who preferred sailing to rowing; E. Borough and others; many of these did not care to be tied down to the constant regular practice in the eights.

PAGES FROM MEMORANDUM-BOOK.

WATER REGISTER, 1853.

WATER REGISTER.

CREWS THAT I WENT ON IN.

RACES, ETC.

HOW FAR UP.

WHAT BOAT, ETC.

2

THURSDAY, MAY 26.

First Eight.	*Gigs.*
1. Steward.	Morton, Steward } 1st.
2. Markham.	
3. Onslow.	Freeman, Markham } 2nd.
4. Hawthorn.	
5. Morton.	Onslow, Williams } 3rd.
6. Wilson.	
7. L. Williams.	Wilson, Hawthorn } 4th.
8. Freeman.	
Cox: Southey.	

Went on in First Eight, but very leaky; had to come back. Gig race: Morton and Steward first.

3

FRIDAY, MAY 27.

Outrigger, Bow and Stroke Four.	Went up to the Old Swan.
1. Markham.	
2. Onslow.	
3. L. Williams.	
Stroke: Freeman.	
Cox: Southey.	

SATURDAY, MAY 28.

Gig.	Went up to the Old Swan. Very wet.
1. Eden.	
2. Markham.	

4

MONDAY, MAY 30.

First Eight.	Went up to the Old Swan. Heavy four race, town boys won.
1. Steward.	
2. Markham.	
3. Gray.	
4. Onslow.	
5. Bourke.	
6. Morton.	
7. Williams.	
Stroke: Wilson.	
Cox: Southey.	

TUESDAY, MAY 31.

Kept off.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1.

Morning, Punch-bowl.

Eden.	Good wind up to Red House.
Markham.	

MEMORANDUM-BOOK—*continued.*

5

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1—*continued.*

Evening.

First Eight.	Went up to Putney; went on in an outrigger first time.
1. Eden.	
2. Gray.	
3. Steward.	
4. Markham.	
5. Onslow.	
6. Wilson.	
7. Williams.	
Stroke: Twiss.	
Cox: Southey.	

THURSDAY, JUNE 2.

First Eight.	Went up to Old Swan; Grosvenor and Eden went along shore towards Putney.
1. Eden.	
2. Markham.	
3. Steward.	
4. Gray.	
5. Bourke.	
6. Onslow.	
7. Williams.	
8. Grosvenor.	
Cox: Southey.	

6

FRIDAY, JUNE 3.

First Eight.	Went up to Old Swan; Grosvenor, Eden, Williams, Farquhar, M a r k h a m. Punch-bowl.
1. Eden.	
2. Markham.	
3. Steward.	
4. Gray.	
5. Bourke.	
6. Onslow.	
7. Williams.	
8. Wilson.	
Cox: Southey.	

SATURDAY, JUNE 4.

Outrigger, Noulton's.—Markham sculled up to the Old Swan; fouled a boat; broke a rullock coming down.

MONDAY, JUNE 6.

Markham. Onslow. Williams.	Lowther fouled a heavy four.

7

MONDAY, JUNE 6.

First Eight.	Went up to Old Swan; Bourke pulled 4 coming down. Heavy four race.
1. Steward.	
2. Markham.	
3. Gray.	
4. Hawthorn.	
5. Bourke.	
6. Onslow.	
7. Williams.	
8. Wilson.	
Cox: Southey.	

TUESDAY, JUNE 7.

First Eight.	Went up to Old Swan; went on in a four with Williams, Steward, Grosvenor, and Farquhar.
1. Steward.	
2. Markham.	
3. Southey.	
4. Onslow.	
5. Bourke.	
6. Hawthorn.	
7. Williams.	
8. Wilson.	
Cox: Farquhar.	

8

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8.

First Eight.	Went up to Kew; sported a bowl of punch by Burton; very hard pull down; just in.
1. Gray.	
2. Southey.	
3. Steward.	
4. Markham.	
5. Morton.	
6. Onslow.	
7. Williams.	
8. Wilson.	
Cox: Farquhar.	

THURSDAY, JUNE 9.

First Eight.	Went up to Old Swan; heavy four got across Battersea Bridge and was smashed. All saved.
1. Eden.	
2. Southey.	
3. Wells.	
4. Markham.	
5. Morton.	
6. Gray.	
7. Williams.	
8. Steward.	
Cox: Farquhar.	

MEMORANDUM-BOOK—*continued.*

9

FRIDAY, JUNE 10.

Kept off.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11.

Went up to Putney in steamer, and went on in an outrigger. Got upset between Hammersmith and Mortlake; got in again and pulled to the Ship. Got a pair of Coombe's trousers, etc.; pulled up to Kew, and back to Putney, and then down by train.

10

MONDAY, JUNE 13.

Rain all day; no water.

TUESDAY, JUNE 14.

Rain all day; no water.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15.

First Eight.	
1. Gray.	Went up to Old Swan in a steamer, into the Eight, and went up to Putney.
2. Markham.	
3. Onslow.	
4. Hawthorn.	
5. Fellows.	
6. Wilson.	
7. Williams.	
8. Steward.	
Cox: Wright.	
1. Sim.	Went on in an outrigger four for an hour.
2. Williamson.	
3. Markham.	
4. Steward.	
Cox: W. Williams.	

11

THURSDAY, JUNE 16.

First Eight.

Race between Old and Young Westminsters.

Old Westminsters.	*Young Westminsters.*
1. A. Southey.	1. Markham.
2. Q. Twiss.	2. Onslow.
3. A. Slade.	3. S. Fellows.
4. J. Morah.	4. Hawthorn.
5. V. A. Williams.	5. Bourke.
	6. Wilson.
6. J. Wright.	7. L.V.Williams.
7. R. Berens.	8. Steward.
8. L. Upperton.	Cox: M. Farquhar.
Cox: V.T. Green.	

12

THURSDAY, JUNE 16—*continued.*

Started at Old Swan; raced to Putney. Young Westminsters won easily by three or four lengths. Went into the Star and Garter; went down by train. Farquhar and I ran down from Vauxhall Station late for tea.

MEMORANDUM-BOOK—*continued.*

13

FRIDAY, JUNE 17.

Morning.

First Eight.	Spurted from Vauxhall to Westminster in five minutes—very quick.
1. Markham.	
2. Onslow.	
3. Gray.	
4. Hawthorn.	
5. Bourke.	
6. Wilson.	
7. Williams.	
8. Southey.	
Cox: Wright.	

Evening.

Kept off.

SATURDAY, JUNE 18.

Outrigger Pair-oar.	Went up to Old Swan; hard tide against us up.
1. Borough.	
2. Markham.	

14

MONDAY, JUNE 20.

Outrigger Pair-oar.	Started at ten; got to Richmond, dined at the Talbot; home by half-past six.
1. Borough.	
2. Markham.	

TUESDAY, JUNE 21.

Kept off.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22.

First Eight.	Old Swan; very wet; had three spurts with Second Eight coming down, giving them starts.
1. Markham.	
2. Gray.	
3. Steward.	
4. Hawthorn.	
5. Onslow.	
6. Wilson.	
7. Williams.	
8. Freeman.	
Cox: Wright.	

15

THURSDAY, JUNE 23.

Kept off.

FRIDAY, JUNE 24.

Cricket match; no water, out of compliment to the eleven.

SATURDAY, JUNE 25.

Went out; didn't go on.

MONDAY, JUNE 27.

Too rough to go on in the Eight or to go on sailing. Renshaw would not let out any of his boats.

16

TUESDAY, JUNE 28.

First Eight.	Went up to Old Swan; very rough, got wet through; Second Eight got swamped, and went down in a steamer.
1. Steward.	
2. Markham.	
3. Bourke.	
4. Hawthorn.	
5. Upperton.	
6. Wilson.	
7. Williams.	
8. Freeman.	
Cox: Farquhar.	

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29.

First Eight.	Went up to Putney; very rough; came down in a steamer.
1. Steward.	
2. Markham.	
3. Gray.	
4. Hawthorn.	
5. Bourke.	
6. Wilson.	
7. Williams.	
8. Freeman.	
Cox: Farquhar.	

MEMORANDUM-BOOK—*continued.*

17

THURSDAY, JUNE 30.

Half-decker. Williams. Eden. Markham.	Went up to Red House, when the wind dropped, and we had to scull down. Left the boat at Vauxhall Bridge and walked home.

FRIDAY, JULY 1.

Noulton's Red Gig. Borough. Markham.	Pulled down the river to London Bridge; pulled about among the ships in the Pool.

18

SATURDAY, JULY 2.

Six-oared Gig, Noulton's. 1. Markham. 2. Williams, L. 3. Hawthorn. 4. Williams, A. 5. Gray. 6. Steward. Cox: Eden H.	Pulled down to Greenwich; had dinner and pulled back—altogether, fourteen miles after Abbey.

MONDAY, JULY 4.

Renshaw's Black Funny. Grosvenor. Markham.	Punted about, fouled steamers, etc. I broke a scull splashing at Bankes.

19

TUESDAY, JULY 5.

Morning.

Half-decker. Grosvenor. Markham. Southey.	Sailed up and down between Vauxhall and Westminster; very good wind.

Evening.

First Eight. 1. Biscoe. 2. Southey. 3. Follett. 4. Freeman. 5. Steward. 6. Markham. 7. Gray. 8. Southey. Cox: Walwyn.	Went up to the Old Swan; fellow there called Grosvenor a b . . . . y harlequin.

20

WEDNESDAY, JULY 6.

First Eight. 1. Follett. 2. Wells. 3. Gray. 4. Markham. 5. Steward. 6. Wilson. 7. Southey. 8. Freeman. Cox:	Went up to Old Swan; got in again, and went up to Putney. Gipsies wanted to tell our fortunes.

THURSDAY, JULY 7.

Out of school.

FRIDAY, JULY 8.

Out of school.

SATURDAY, JULY 9.

Out of school.

MEMORANDUM-BOOK—*continued.*

21

MONDAY, JULY 11.

Kept off.

TUESDAY, JULY 12.

Race with the Leander.

Leander.	*Westminster.*
1. Davis.	1. Steward.
2. Burton.	2. Markham.
3. Vials.	3. Gray.
4. ?	4. Hawthorn.
5. Vials.	5. Bourke.
6. ?	6. Wilson.
7. Colquhoun.	7. Williams.
8. Goolden.	8. Freeman.
Cox: Parish.	Cox: Farquhar.

Course was from Battersea to Putney. Westminster took the lead at the Old Swan, when the Leander

22

TUESDAY, JULY 12—*continued.*

passed them, and kept a boat's length ahead all the rest of the way. They sported us a dinner at Putney, and we came down by train late for tea.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 13.

Race for Four-oared Cups.

First Heat.

1*st.*	*Quits.*
1. Sim.	1. Green.
2. Follett.	2. Biscoe.
3. Borough.	3. Dickson.
4. Wilson.	4. Markham.
Cox: Cowell.	Cox: Gaskell.

1. Wilkins.	4. Grosvenor.
2. Wells.	Cox: Farquhar.
3. Williams.	

23

WEDNESDAY, JULY 13—*continued.*

4th.

1. Park.	4. Freeman.
2. Southey.	Cox: Williams.
3. Morton.	

Race from Battersea to Putney. We kept ahead till about half a mile from Putney, when Dickson caught a crab and Wilson passed us. Great row about who was second. Decided that we both row in grand heat. Pulled down to Old Swan, took Bankes in, and went down to Westminster.

24

THURSDAY, JULY 14.

Outrigger Pair-oar.	Went to Old Swan; did not ship at all.
1. Eden.	
2. Markham.	

FRIDAY, JULY 15.

Second Heat of Fours.

MEMORANDUM-BOOK—*continued.*

25

SATURDAY, JULY 16.
Did not go on.

MONDAY, JULY 18.
Kept off.

TUESDAY, JULY 19.
Kept off.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 20.
Final Heat for Cups.

1st.	*2nd.*
1. Sim.	1. R. Williams.
2. Follett.	2. Wells.
3. Borough.	3. L. Williams.
4. Wilson.	4. Grosvenor.
Cox: Cowell.	Cox: Farquhar.
3rd.	*4th.*
1. Waters.	1. Green
2. Berens.	2. Biscoe.
3. Bourke.	3. Dickson.
4. Gray.	4. Markham.
Cox: Walwyn.	Cox: Gaskell.

26

WEDNESDAY, JULY 20—*continued.*

Started from Putney. Williams's boat took the lead, and kept till the Old Swan, when Wilson's boat took the lead, and won by about a boat's length. Bourke's crew and mine nearly out of sight. Pulled home easily.

27

THURSDAY, JULY 21.

Went on, but we couldn't make an eight up, so we went and humbugged about in Jack's boat.

FRIDAY, JULY 22.

First Eight.	Went up to the Old Swan; spurted up against tide in twenty-two minutes; heavy four race coming down.
1. Eden.	
2. Markham.	
3. Southey.	
4. Onslow.	
5. Bourke.	
6. Hawthorn.	
7. Williams.	
8. Freeman.	
Cox: Farquhar.	

28

SATURDAY, JULY 23.

Went on, sculling with Eden in outrigger funnies. Went up to Old Swan; pulled up the creek opposite; met Slade in his gig.

MONDAY, JULY 25.

Went up to Putney with Hewitt in a steamer. Jack's Regatta was going on; we could not get a boat till the races were over. After that we went on in outrigger pair, and pulled up to Hammersmith.

MEMORANDUM-BOOK—*continued.*

29

TUESDAY, JULY 26.

Went on in a half-decker with Grosvenor and Bankes. Sailed up to . . . Going through the bridge the mast caught, but we . . . through all right.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 27.

Town boy and Queen's Scholar match; there was no water.

THURSDAY, JULY 28.

Kept off.

FRIDAY, JULY 29.

Went on, sailing in half-decker with Gray; sailed up and down between bridges.

30

SATURDAY, JULY 30.

Went on, sailing in a half-decker with Bankes and Wickham; sailed up to Red House.

MONDAY, AUGUST 1.

Went on, sculling in a gig.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 2.

First Eight.

1. Sim.
2. Markham.
3. Gray.
4. Hawthorn.
5. Bourke.
6. Wilson.
7. Williams.
8. Steward.

Cox: Farquhar.

Went up to Old Swan; had a B.P. (*i.e.*, bowl of punch).

31

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3.

Mary-le-bonne match; no water.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 4.

Pair-oar Cup Race.

1. Borough.	1. Wilson.
2. Williams.	2. Southey.

Race from Putney to Battersea. Borough and Williams first.

Morning.

Gig Race for Rudder.

Eden.	Markham.	Sheppard.
Southey.	Bankes.	Gray.

Race from Hungerford to Westminster. Southey and Eden first; Markham and Bankes second.

32

FRIDAY, AUGUST 5.

Race for the Sculls.

Gray and Williams.

Williams went ahead at first, but Gray soon passed him, and won by four boat's lengths.

On looking over these old memoranda, I am reminded of one or two special days.

On Saturday, June 11, I went up to Putney by steamer, and started in a single sculling outrigger, pulling up-stream. A little above Chiswick Eyot, a steamer passed me going up-stream. I was close in on the Middlesex shore: the swell of the steamer chucked one of my sculls out of the rowlock, and of course over I went. I swam ashore towing my boat, then swam out and collected my sculls. The bank there had willows close to the water; I got the boat close in, and stepped in from the shore, steadying myself by the willows, and so got afloat again. Then I pulled across to the Ship Inn, kept by old Coombes, formerly champion sculler. He was a little stout-built man; he lent me an old pair of flannels, which just covered my knees, with wash-leather in the seat, and a jersey, and I started again, and pulled on up to Kew, calling at the Ship, to exchange into my own dried garments on my return.

On Tuesday, June 28, and again on the 29th, the river was so rough that on the Tuesday the second eight were swamped, and on both days we had to come down by steamer. On the 27th also it was so rough that we could not go on in the eight at all, and old Renshaw refused to let out any of his sailing boats. This must have been very unusual weather for the end of June.

One evening, June 8, when nearing Battersea Bridge on our way up, we passed E. C. Burton, who was sculling up in an outrigger. He spurted against us

up to the Old Swan; we then landed, but he persuaded us, with a promise of a bowl of punch, to start again, and we pulled on up to Kew, had our bowl of punch—'or probably two' (as I once heard a soldier prisoner say, meaning to say 'possibly')—in a little summer-house close to the river, and had a very stiff pull down, only just saving lock-hours.

We had as a subject for our Latin verses that evening 'The Review at Spithead'; this should give one the date. On showing up my verses next day I got much κυδος for them, and one line was much admired:

'Impositoque gemunt nautarum pondere rami.'

I think that was the only time that I was ever commended for my verses. Was it the bowl of punch? I remember that Minto Farquhar was steering us that night, standing up in the stern, and see-sawing with each stroke, rudder-lines in his hands, which was the fashion then for watermen when coaching a crew or when acting as umpire in a race.

Another pull that I well remember was on a Saturday—July 2, 1853. We arranged for a pull down to Greenwich; we could not make up an eight, so hired a six-oared gig.

I had never been below the Pool—that is, the place where masted vessels lie below London Bridge—so the river below was new to me. When we arrived at Greenwich, we marched up to one of the dining-houses, with a room and a balcony overlooking the river. Hawthorn then proceeded to order dinner, two courses

of whitebait, etc.—a regular Greenwich dinner. I was but a youngster, first year in the eight, and was not flush of cash, so began to be anxious. The bill ran into over a pound a head. I had about five shillings in my possession ; however, Hawthorn produced a ten-pound note, settled the bill, and I paid him after the next holidays. Our crew was :

1. F. Markham (joined the Rifle Brigade).
2. L. V. Williams (joined the Rifle Brigade).
3. W. Hawthorn (elected to Trinity ; became a West India merchant).
4. A. C. V. Williams (elected to Oxford in 1853, so must then have left Westminster).
5. J. Gray (afterwards, in 1855, stroke of the eight).
6. C. S. Steward (joined the 4th Madras Cavalry, and served in the Mutiny).

Cox. : Henley Eden (a cricketer ; he went to Oxford).

It was the only time that I pulled so far down the river, though we occasionally went down in gigs or funnies to have a look at the Tower or the ships in the Pool.

In the Whitsuntide half, 1854, when choosing the new eight, the four boys still left from the old eight rowed a trial spin against an eight formed of those from whom the four new men had to be chosen.

Noulton, the boat-builder, steered the eight. The eight led at starting, but the four gradually drew up to them, and would have passed, but Noulton kept jockeying, always steering across our bows, and

giving us the wash of his oars. At last we pulled right in to their oars on their bow side, and in passing our stroke knocked off Noulton's hat with his oar; with the hat came off his wig, a revelation to us.

These memoranda carry one from May 26 to August 5, 1853, seemingly the end of the 'water' half. I do not seem to have kept any diary of the doings of later years, but I hope to be able to give a fairly accurate description of 'water' in general, and of the various races and other incidents that occurred in my time.

The little book, 'Rowing at Westminster,' compiled from the 'water' ledgers (and very rightly dedicated to Sir Patrick Colquhoun, one of the donors of the silver sculls, champion amateur sculler, stroke of the Leander crew, and a great friend to rowing at our old school), has been of the greatest use to me, checking my memory, especially as to dates and names of the various crews, which I could not otherwise have obtained without reference to the 'water' ledgers.

CHAPTER XI

'WATER'—*continued*

Heavy four accident—The two eights—The Barges—Nearly drowned—Career on the 'water'—In the eight, 1852, 1853, 1854—Oxford and Cambridge Race—Scull to Richmond—Stranded—'Head of town boy water'—The measles—Fight at the horse-ferry—Trips to Eton, 1855 and 1856—The bargees—Citizen steamers—Splashing.

AFTER the Whitsuntide holidays 'water' began in earnest. We oarsmen often were on the water twice a day, and almost invariably in the evening.

I commence at the bottom with the heavy fours. These were heavy four-oared cutters, with squared sterns, rudders, and yoke-lines. The oars were very heavy, almost too much so for beginners. The crews were told off from his list by the head of the Queen's Scholar or town boy 'water' respectively, the younger oars being put on in the morning, always with a good stroke oar and a competent coxswain, the stronger and better oars in the evening. As soon as school was over, the strokes collected their several crews and rushed off to the Barges, without hats or caps, and no change of dress being made. The heavy fours had already been brought across from the boat-builders' by the Jacks. First down had the choice of boats, then

jackets and waistcoats off, braces down, and trousers turned up, and away they went, sweeping out into the centre of the river if the tide served, or creeping laboriously up the shore if the tide was running out; always up-stream, the Red House being the resting-place in the morning, if they could get up so far, and the Old Swan, above Battersea Bridge, always in the evening.

The stroke was responsible for his crew; his list (1, 2, 3, stroke and cox) was given to him on the school steps after school (the lists having been prepared during school by the captains of the 'water'), and he was answerable for getting his boat up to the Old Swan. Here each crew received one shilling from the captain of the 'water,' which was expended thus: Five captain's biscuits (at 1d.), 5d.; one pot (quart) of half-and-half, 6d.; and 1d. for the Jack. If they wanted more, they had to pay for it themselves. These shillings came from the weekly 'water' subscription of one shilling a head from each small boy who went on the water, this sum being kept by the captain, who had also to provide from it the heavy fours—two, or three, as required.

Coming down again, if tide was with them, the heavy fours were started from Battersea Bridge, and had to race to Vauxhall Bridge. If tide was adverse, they had to hug the shore, crossing the river from time to time at the traditional crossing-places. The heavy fours deserved their name; they were heavy indeed, and it required a good deal of dogged pluck for small boys to work their way up against the tide.

The inner arch of Vauxhall Bridge, on the Middlesex side, was always the worst place when the tide was running down with the stream. One watched one's oar-blade gradually creeping up past the stones of the bridge, knowing that if one checked for a moment the boat would be whisked away down-stream. It was a hard school, but produced good oars, and the boys, having constantly to deal with barges in the way, grounding on shoals, etc., became good watermen as well, handy and resourceful when in a fix, and able to use the hitcher as well as the oar.

The account of the only accident that I ever saw to a heavy four is given on p. 74 of 'Rowing at Westminster.' It occurred on June 9, 1853, as per entry in my little memorandum-book, not on June 20. The heavy fours had orders to fall in below Battersea Bridge for the usual race down. The first eight put off first, and dropped down through Battersea Bridge, and there we lay on our oars waiting for the fours to get into position for the start. The old bridge at Battersea, a wooden structure, had about four or five open arches, through which a boat could just pass without shipping or drawing in the oars; the other arches (three or four between each of the wider arches) were very narrow. The first heavy four that came down took the first wide arch on the Surrey side; two other crews, one Queen's Scholar, the other town boy, raced alongside of each other for the next wide arch. The town boy crew cut in first, and the Queen's Scholar crew had to pull across for the next wide arch; their coxswain did not allow enough for the tide, and

got his boat right across the arch, the bows catching against the Middlesex side, stern against the Surrey side. The boat, hard pressed by the tide, broke in two in the middle, and came floating down in two pieces. Two of the boys got hold of the wooden piles of the bridge and held on; three came floating down on the tide. We in the eight were, luckily, lying on our oars just below; we backed our stern up hard all, and picked up two, and a waterman's boat that was handy picked up the other; but it was a narrow shave, and I doubt if all of them could swim. I think Spence was the coxswain, but whether the older or younger brother I cannot remember.

Whether the tide was with or against them, the heavy fours had to pull straight back to the Barges, tie their boats up, and be up in time for lock-hours.

The site of the Red House, formerly famous for pigeon-shooting, now forms part of Battersea Park.

From the heavy fours the next rise for an oarsman was into the second, or sometimes direct into the first, eight; but there were always many boys who, when they got too big or too high up in the school for heavy four work, either were not good enough oars for the eights or preferred their independence to the constant tie, evening after evening, of a place in an eight. Two of my greatest friends, Lord R. Grosvenor (now Lord Stalbridge) and poor Bankes, were always on the water, sailing for preference; others gravitated towards cricket, and others were too lazy for either water or cricket—'loafers.'

The second eight generally consisted of fellows high

up in the school, but not quite first-class as oars. Their boat was kept across the water, and they, as well as the first eight, had to cross over and embark from the Surrey shore, the first eight generally getting off before them. They went up on most evenings to the Old Swan, and often took a start of a few lengths, and gave the first eight a good spurt before they were passed.

Their colours were pink and white, and they were entitled to straw hats and ribbon, white flannels and jerseys, and shags (as we called our pilot-coats), but not to the R.S.W. brass buttons; these were reserved for the first eight. Their boat was not outrigged.

The first eight, chosen as I have already mentioned, wore straw hats with plain pink ribbon, white flannels and jerseys, and dark-blue shags, with brass R.S.W. buttons.

When I first rowed in the eight our boat had no outriggers; but (in 1854, I think) a new eight was built for us by Searle which had short outriggers at bow and stroke, thus allowing for a finer run both fore and aft. The subscription to the first eight was from members only, and was, I think, five shillings a week. This was paid to the captain—*i.e.*, the senior oar in the eight—who provided the pay of the Jacks, the housing of the boat, varnishing, repairs, etc.; but anything in the way of a new boat was provided for by subscription amongst Westminsters both present and past. When I was captain, I cannot remember that I kept any regular accounts of receipts and expenditure; certainly, any account that I kept was for my own

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From a drawing by Arthur Severn.

"The Old Swan" at Battersea.

satisfaction only, as there was no audit, and I was accountable only to my comrades in the eight. The races between old and present Westminsters and against the Leander Club were then rowed in outrigger eights, a boat being hired beforehand for practice and use in the race, and kept at the Old Swan.

These boats—*i.e.*, the heavy fours and the two eights—were the only school boats; light fours, pair-oars, sculling boats, and sailing boats, were all hired by the day or hour at fixed prices, and paid for by those who used them.

'The Barges' was the name in common use for our landing-stage, but the barges themselves, of which there were always a large number, were moored mostly head and stern above our landing-stage, and had great attraction for us at all seasons of the year. Some were fast moored, some moored by a rope from their bows only, and swinging out in the stream.

The bottoms of these barges when empty were a favourite resort for boys desirous of a quiet smoke, for which offence you were always liable to a licking from the seniors. We also used them for shooting-galleries, for either pistols or toy cannons. The only objection to this was that the bullets rebounded from the hard oak bulk-heads of the barges. The bargees, too, were always trying to catch us on their barges, in order to make us pay our footing. On one occasion Grosvenor and I had made our way out to the furthest barge, which was well out in the tideway; to get to this we had crossed a long plank. Here we were discovered

by the bargee in charge; he called to us to come off. Grosvenor went across the plank first, and got a cuff or two from him; I then stepped on to the plank; he took up the far end and shook it about, toppling me over into the river. I could not swim then—I was washed away down-stream and nearly drowned; but Grosvenor and the bargee ran across several barges to one that jutted out far into the tideway lower down the river, and as I was swept past managed to catch me by one hand, held on tight, and hauled me out. We ran back to Grant's, and I changed my clothes; by that time the bargee had arrived in Little Dean's Yard, claiming a sovereign for saving my life. I explained what had occurred to some big fellows, and the bargee got no sovereign, and was lucky not to make the acquaintance of Dean's Yard pump.

But I am straying from my subject, and must now take up again my personal recollections as to the water. Reverting to my earlier days as an oarsman in 1850, 1851, and 1852, I do not think that I joined in any real races during this time, except, perhaps, for the Town Boy Rudder, the only water prize that I never won. In 1853, to my great delight and pride, I was chosen for the first eight, and rowed '2' when in my proper place, although we shifted about a good deal, for we were a raw crew and had to find our places. Sometimes Freeman was stroke, sometimes Steward, and the oars amidship—3, 4 and 5—were often changed, ranging between Bourke, Morton, Hawthorn, and Gray; Wilson and Williams keeping generally to the same thwarts at 6 and 7. The crew that rowed

against Leander on Thursday, July 12, was about correct, the places being as follows :

Westminster.

1. C. S. Steward, Q.S.
2. F. Markham, T.B.
3. J. Gray, T.B.
4. W. Hawthorn, Q.S.
5. Hon. E. R. Bourke, T.B.
6. C. T. Wilson, Q.S.
7. L. V. Williams, Q.S.

Stroke : R. M. Freeman, Q.S.
Cox : M. Farquhar, T.B.

*Leander.**

1. R. Burton.
2. H. Willoughby.
3. H. Webber.
4. H. Woodbridge.
5. W. Bovill.
6. — Davis.
7. P. Colquhoun.

Stroke : C. Goolden.
Cox : Parish (the waterman).

We rowed from Battersea to Putney, and they beat us by a length. Before this we had tackled an Old Westminster crew, on June 16, when we won by three lengths, the Old Westminster crew being composed chiefly of men who had rowed in the eight in former years—Jack Wright, Upperton, R. Berens, A. Slade, etc. I rowed also for the new four-oar challenge cups, stroking a very moderate four and coming in a good last. I was beaten also for the Silver Rudder, rowing with Bankes, with Rowland (the judge) or Watty Williams for cox. I had not then taken much to

* This list is taken from 'Rowing at Westminster.'

sculling, so did not start an outrigger and go in for the Senior Sculls, which were won by J. Gray.

In 1854 we had several changes in the eight. Bourke, Steward, Hawthorn, and A. L. Onslow, who often took an oar, had all left. Gray and Morton, who had occasionally rowed with us, were taken in permanently ; Catt, Follett, and Sim, all Queen's Scholars, were brought in for the three bow oars ; I moved down to No. 6, and L. V. Williams and Freeman continued as 7 and stroke respectively, Walwyn taking the rudder-lines. I had now run up in weight from 8 stone 12, in 1853, to a heavy weight fit for the middle of the boat. I think that this was the best of the crews that I rowed in, for we had five men left from 1854, and no change of stroke.

We met a fairly good Leander crew, rowed from, I think, Battersea to Putney (not from Vauxhall to Putney, as stated in 'Rowing at Westminster'), and won by eight lengths. We also beat an Old Westminster crew by two lengths, a lot of rather older oars : Jack Wright, who was always to the fore, three Milman brothers, Goolden, F. Steward, R. B. Berens, and Edwardy Williams, Egan (I think he was the man who wrote the accounts of the prize-fights in *Bell's Life*) acting as cox for them.

This year I was more successful in the smaller races, winning the Silver Pair-Oar Goblets with Johnnie Farquhar, and the Junior Sculls, rowed for in light funnies, which were presented to the school that year : they were kept in a morocco case shaped like a punt. I also went in for the Senior Sculls, hiring an outrigger

for a month, which I kept at the Old Swan, and practising every evening. I won the trial heat, and challenged Gray, the holder; but for some reason our race was put off till the next half, and then Gray declined to row, so I was presented with the Silver Senior Sculls also. I know this, for that Christmas holidays I took both the Senior and Junior Sculls home with me.

I also went in for the Four-Oar Cups, rowing stroke to R. Grosvenor (3), E. J. Scovell (2), and J. F. Dickson (1), with Henty for cox, beaten by Catt's crew, and coming in third in the finals. I also steered a town boy pair, Fitzgerald and French—I think they were cousins—but came in with the ruck, G. Broom and E. O. Berens being the winners. I think it must then have become a practice for boys in the eight to steer these pairs for the Silver Rudder; otherwise Gray and I, both heavyweights, would never have been chosen as coxswains. 'Rowing at Westminster' gives this race as rowed from Vauxhall to Putney, an almost impossibly long course for small oarsmen; my recollection is Westminster to Vauxhall for this race, or *vice versâ*, and I think on this occasion it was rowed for after morning school.

One great event in this year was the Oxford and Cambridge Race, Jack Wright rowing stroke for the Cambridge crew. This made us all frantic Light Blues for the occasion. The race was from Putney to Mortlake. We in the eight were given leave after morning school. We had four hansoms waiting, got into our flannels, our jerseys with pink ribbon trimmings round neck and arms, pink silk neckerchiefs, shags, and straw hats, all very smart, and

jumped in, Walwyn, our cox, going 'bodkin' in one cab, and off at a gallop to Hammersmith Bridge, where our boat was waiting for us. We paddled up to Chiswick Eyot, and lay on our oars under the Middlesex shore till the race had passed. After being nearly swamped by the crush of steamers, we pulled on up to the Ship, where the University crews had landed, saw our friends, were stood various drinks, and then pulled down to Westminster.

I think it was also in this year that I had a long double scull with E. V. Williams, an old Westminster, the second of the Judge's sons. By great luck a saint's day fell on a Monday, so morning school on that day was dispensed with, and we had leave up town from Saturday mid-day to Monday night; so on the Monday we had the day clear. We got a double sculling outrigger; Williams took stroke, I bow, and we rowed from Westminster to Richmond, dined there, and came down in the cool of the evening—a charming day out.

I also had an amusing day with young Slade, second son of the Queen's Counsel. We were both fond of racquets, and had heard of an open racquet-court across Hammersmith Bridge, on the Surrey side. We took our wire racquets and departed in our flannels on a Saturday after morning school, hired a half-decker at Renshaw's, the yard next to Lambeth Palace, and sailed merrily up with a fair wind to Hammersmith, ducking our mast for the bridges, and all in good style. We found the court empty, and played all the afternoon; what with the charge for the court, our



THE "HALF-DECKER" AGROUND, ABOVE BATTERSEA.

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luncheon, and frequent shandygaffs, our money only just lasted out. At about 6 p.m. we started to sail back, with the wind against us and dead low-water. We tacked away down till we got past the soap works, above Battersea, and there ran hard and fast on a shoal. We rolled our flannels up, got out into the mud, and tried all we knew to get her off, but she was a heavy old tub, and there she stuck. We were about 30 yards from the shore, so we unrove the main-sheet, fastened it as a painter to her bows, and then tossed up which should carry the other ashore. I lost, and waded through the mud with Slade on my back carrying the rope. We fastened the boat to a willow-tree, walked down to the Old Swan, and sent the Jack up to look after her. Then came the question how to get home. It was about dark, and we had no cash: we decided to walk, chancing a rush past the turnstile over Battersea Bridge. Turning the corner to the bridge, Slade happened to collide against a 'ski' of about his own size. The 'ski' used foul language, Slade struck him in the face, and in two minutes there was a crowd round, a ring formed, and I found myself seconding my man. They went at it 'hammer and tongs'; after two or three rounds there was a cry of 'Police!' the ring broke, Slade slipped into his coat, and away we ran, bolted past the turnstile, over Battersea Bridge, and got clear away. Dirty muddy objects we were. We passed through Eaton Square on our way, keeping to the centre of the roadway, and so down by Story's Gate to Westminster. We found ourselves late for lock-hours, so could not get in,

change, and get out again, as we had planned. We dared not knock, or we might have got in, but not out again; so we chartered a hansom, and made for Slade's father's house in Lowndes Square, where we told the butler to pay the cabman, and to bring us dinner upstairs, which we ate in bed, after sending our flannels down to be dried or cleaned, if possible. On the Sunday we had no clothes but our dirty flannels. We stayed in all day, and brewed lemonade on a large scale in a washing-basin; old Slade (afterwards Sir Alfred) tasted it, and said it wanted flavour, so threw in about half a bottle of sherry. It was not an improving Sunday. Slade's father, Sir Frederick Slade, Q.C., was an old Westminster, and was often on the river in a half-decker, so was much amused at the story of our adventures. Sir Alfred joined the 57th Regiment, was wounded in the Crimea, and was transferred to a captaincy in the 100th (Canadian Regiment) when it was first embodied as a regular regiment. My friend C. G. Slade joined the Rifle Brigade, and rose to the rank of Colonel. Poor fellows! both are now gone.

This year (1854) I became 'head of town boy water,' and had to make all arrangements for the heavy fours and to make out the crews for morning and evening. This I did whilst up school, and was always surrounded on coming down school steps by a crowd of eager faces. I called for the strokes of each four, handed them their lists, each collected his crew, and away they ran.

And now for my last year on the river (1855). There was a very late frost this year, and even on St. David's

Day, March 1, when we pulled up to the Red House for ditch-leaping, the river was full of floating ice, and the ditches frozen with water on the top. Later in March, but before 'water' had commenced, and while the ice was still floating down, we arranged a crew to pull up in a heavy four through the ice. We went up on a saint's day. Just before starting I felt very unwell, and they got another oar in my place, I taking the rudder-lines. When nearing the Old Swan, stroke said, 'Why, Markham, your neck is all over spots! You've got the measles' (which was then going in the school). We landed at the Old Swan, and, after consultation as to my case, it was decided that brandy was the right thing; so they threw in brandy-and-water hot, with sugar, and we pulled down again, a stiff pull through the floating ice. When I got back to my tutor's, I knew that I must still smell strongly of brandy, so I knocked at and opened Marshall's door, put my head in, and said, 'Please, sir, I've got the measles,' and retired. I then ran into the 'Chiswicks,' warned Grosvenor—who had promised to have the measles with me if I caught them—and retired to the sick-room, where I was shortly after joined by Grosvenor (for, curiously enough, he really had them), and we put in our measles comfortably together.

There was little regular rowing before Whitsuntide, and when we came to make up the new eight we had many changes. I was the only one left from the original 1853 crew, so was now captain of the eight, and of 'water' in general. Being now 11 stone 2 in weight, I stuck to my old place at 6. R. M. Free-

man, Lewis Williams, Morton, and Sim had all left, or were leaving; their places were taken by Ingham, E. O. Berens, Green, and S. G. Freeman, a younger brother of our late stroke. Gray was chosen stroke, and the crew worked out as follows:

1. J. P. Ingham, Q.S.
2. E. O. Berens, T.B.
3. H. E. Green, Q.S.
4. S. G. Freeman, Q.S.
5. F. Catt, Q.S.
6. F. Markham, T.B.
7. W. W. Follett, Q.S.

Stroke: J. Gray, T.B.
Cox: T. J. Cowell, Q.S.

We had two eight-oar races during the year. On July 6 we met a strong crew of Old Westminsters. We intended to have rowed with our ordinary crew, but, unluckily, Gray, our stroke, was taken ill just before the race, so we had to make changes at the last moment. I moved down to stroke, the others moving down a place, and T. Waters, Q.S., came in as No. 2. The Old Westminster crew consisted of—

1. E. Williams.
2. W. H. Lipscomb.
3. H. Steward.
4. A. Milman.
5. F. Steward.
6. R. B. Berens.
7. A. J. S. Milman.

Stroke: C. Steward.
Cox: W. Henty.

We rowed from Vauxhall to Battersea, and they beat us by a short length, easily accounted for by the loss of our stroke and the new man in the bows. This was the only occasion that I rowed stroke of the eight in a regular race, and my failure took much of the conceit out of me.

Later in the month, on July 25, we met the Leander, this time with our proper crew and with Gray as stroke, and, rowing from Vauxhall to Putney, we beat them by five or six lengths.

I have no record of the names of the Leander crew, and they are not given in 'Rowing at Westminster.'

The race for the Four-Oar Goblets took place at the end of June. I drew a good crew, all town boys except our cox:

1. A. Hammersley, T.B.
2. R. U. P. Fitzgerald, T.B.
3. W. Galloway, T.B.

Stroke: F. Markham, T.B.
Cox: A. Balfour, Q.S.

We won the first heat, beating Freeman's and Gray's crews. Follett's crew won their heat, and we beat them pretty easily in the final heat, from Putney to Battersea. I still possess my pewter cup with glass bottom, with the names of the crew and the Westminster arms engraved upon it. W. Galloway was also in the winning crew of 1854, so should have two pewters on his sideboard. Fitzgerald, now M.P. for Cambridge and Conservative Whip, went up to Cambridge, and rowed against Oxford in 1861. He and

his cousin, J. P. Ingham, won the University Pairs in 1860.

On August 3 we rowed for the Senior Sculls. This year E. C. Burton and Sir P. Colquhoun, the donors of the Silver Sculls, asked that in future the race should be rowed in non-outrigged boats; so the old funnies were used. I, though holding the Senior Sculls, had never met another sculler in a final contest for them, so it was decided that I should scull with the rest. Gray did not enter, and I had it all my own way, winning as I pleased. The course was from Vauxhall to Battersea, and I very nearly stopped for a drink, offered to me from a half-decker, off the Red House; luckily, I did not, or it might have lost me the race. E. O. Berens, F. Catt, and S. G. Freeman were the other scullers. The innovation as to boats was good. The expense of keeping an outrigger at the Old Swan for practice was large, and deterred many from entering; you could not well scull in an outrigger on the lower reaches of the river, owing to the number of barges and steamers.

The winner of the Junior Sculls was Watty Williams, the youngest brother of Lewisy (Rowlandy, now the Judge, coming between). For some unknown reason, all the Williams family had a *y* tacked on to the ends of their Christian names—Edwardy, Arthury, Lewisy, etc.

The Town Boy Rudder was won by A. Hammersley and Fitzgerald, with Grosvenor for cox, rowing from Hungerford to Vauxhall, the only time that I ever saw a race rowed partly below Westminster Bridge.

For the Pair-Oar Goblets I drew Fitzgerald, who

was a good oar, but not then the big fellow he is now. I hired a boat from Noulton, and after much consideration we decided on the size of a 'skid,' or little rudder, in the form of a wedge, which was to be nailed on the stroke side of the boat near the stern. This was done.

We rowed from Battersea to Vauxhall. Fitzgerald and I sailed away with a strong lead, and till half a mile of the bridge had the race well in hand; but here poor Fitzgerald was pumped, and I had to row with one hand, or even let him take two strokes to my one. Meanwhile Ingham and young Berens, an evenly-matched pair, crept steadily up, and just passed us in time. Another third of an inch width of skid, and we should have won the heat, and most likely the Goblets, as Ingham and Berens won easily in the finals. These pair-oar races for the Goblets were always rowed for in outrigger boats, as were all the races by the eight against the Old Westminsters and other crews. The race for the Four-Oar Goblets was rowed for in boats with a short outrigger at bow and stroke.

The only special adventure that I remember this year in connection with boating happened thus: Follett and I had been on in an outrigger pair, which we had hired from Noulton's, the yard just above Lambeth Pier. We had come down, disembarked on the Surrey side, and crossed over in a heavy boat to the horse-ferry; it was low-tide. A number of small boys wanted to help us to land, saying, 'Poor Jack, sir!' as usual; we jumped out, gave them no coppers, and

walked up the shore. The boys began to stone us, one stone hitting me on the back; I picked up a small square bit of road-metal, and slung it in amongst them. One boy dropped: the stone had caught him inside the knee, a spot well known to singlestick-players. We put on the pace up the beach—for we knew that we were in for a row—walking fast, but disdaining to run; however, just before we reached the street, by the public-house, the alarm reached the bargees who were drinking there, and out they tumbled. One fellow was put forward to fight me; I stripped off my shag, handed it to Follett, a ring was roughly made, and the fight began. The bargee was a heavy-built man about my height, and fought with his head down, a round-arm fighter, swinging his arms wildly and doing but little execution. At last I got his head in chancery, and pegged away merrily; but he struggled, and finally got his leg round mine and tripped me up. In falling his head struck the kerbstone of the side-walk, and there he lay stunned; we fell into a heap of mud raked off the street, and my flannels were in a nice mess. Now was the moment to be off: we seized our opportunity, and bolted at once up a side-street, through St. John's Church Square, and so to Dean's Yard and safety. We heard no more of it. W. W. Follett was then head of the 'third election,' captain of the school in 1865. It was lucky that we got out of the row so well, as it might have affected his prospects for a studentship.

Either in 1854 or 1855 I was commissioned by the eight to go to Eton and try and arrange a common

move from both schools in favour of renewing the old boat race.

Lloyd was captain of the Eton boats, and G. Lane Fox, a near neighbour of mine in Yorkshire, and son of the well-known Master of the Bramham-moor Fox-hounds, was second captain that year. I went up by train about mid-day, and was invited to row up in the *Victory* to Surley Hall; it was what they called a 'check' night. I was to find my uniform waiting for me at the Christopher; there I found dark-blue pants, blue and white shirt in broad stripes, and a sailor's straw hat, with crossed oars or some other badge in front; also a shag, or pea-jacket of some kind. Luckily, this garment was fairly long, for it was with the utmost difficulty that I squeezed into the nether garments; the upper buttons utterly refused to meet. The hiatus was covered by the shag. I rowed up No. 6, G. L. Fox rowing stroke, Lloyd, the captain, rowing stroke of the ten-oar. We dined at Surley, and then rowed down again; the ten-oar led the way. I was much annoyed at not being allowed to spurt past her, but that was not etiquette, though we had the heels of her easily.

Nothing could be done about the boat race, the authorities at both schools being dead against it, so I never had the honour of pulling against Eton.

This season (1855) closed my boating career at Westminster, for I left at Christmas, joining my regiment, the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, at Aldershot on March 16, 1856.

In 1856 the Westminster eight were invited to go

up to Eton and row in the procession of boats to Surley Hall. I went up from Aldershot to Westminster to see them off, intending to meet them again at Eton. On arriving at Westminster, I found that T. Waters was unable to row, and I was pressed into his place. We trained to some station a few miles below Eton, where we met our boat, rowed up, joined the procession, and rowed to Surley and back, dining with the Eton crew. G. L. Fox (now Vice-Chancellor of the Primrose League) was then captain of the boats. This was on what is called Election Saturday, July 26, 1856.

The barges and the bargees were always a nuisance, and the latter our natural enemies on the river. Generally there was one man in each barge; they were mostly coal-barges, rowed by two enormous sweeps—*i.e.*, heavy oars—working on a sort of large thole-pin on each side, near the bows. The man leant on his sweeps and took two or three steps aft on the little deck in the bows of the barge, then leant backward and dragged them through.

The barges generally came drifting down on the tide, the man sometimes with one sweep out, giving a stroke from time to time to keep her head straight, but more often lolling up in the bows with a short black pipe in his mouth, and using filthy language to every boat that passed. They could not get out of your way if they tried. In this way they floated from bridge to bridge, but when they neared one they had to stand by their sweeps and steer for an arch. This required much care, and knowledge of the set of the

tide, especially when nearing a bridge with partly-closed arches like Battersea, and for ten or fifteen minutes they could not leave their sweeps. In the old days—I speak of my father's time, about 1810—the boys were always at war with them, and invented a very clever manner of annoying them. Boys, in a heavy funny, used to wait for a coal-barge just above a bridge. The bargee then had to take to his sweeps in the bows, to make his point for an arch. Then came the opportunity : the heavy funny was quickly moored to the stern of the barge, the boys jumped on board, and proceeded to pelt the bargee with his own coals.

If the bargee left his sweeps, he fouled the bridge, and the tormentors were quickly into their boat again and away.

This was told me by an old Westminster of 1811. I have always felt ashamed that we, in my time, had not sufficient invention to do likewise; the charging of Citizen steamers seems to have been invented in its place.

This required some care, and there was a little spice of danger about it that made it the more attractive. The time between forenoon school and dinner we often occupied in 'humbugging about'—*i.e.*, general boating mischief. When we saw a penny steamboat coming down, we pulled across to her, and lay on our oars, with the bows of our heavy funny heading at right angles to her course. As soon as the paddles were abreast of us we gave way, and charged into her, trying to break the little bull's-eye cabin windows in her side. The

captains used to object in choice lingo, but could not get at us, and we, though often a bit splashed by the swell from the paddles, always got safely away.

Another amusement was 'splashing'—generally a match between two or three boys in one of the black funnies—and another 'funny-full.' 'Splashing' was done by striking the water with a good swing, holding the blade of your oar at an angle; a good hand, if he got to windward of you with a nice breeze on, could drench you to the skin at about 8 or 10 yards off.

I was once in a heavy funny with poor W. G. H. Bankes and 'Cockeye Jack.' Cockeye was splashing away at Dicky Grosvenor, who was in another boat: our boat gave a lurch, Cockeye missed the water, and overboard he went. We were in the middle of the river and he could not swim; however, he managed to catch hold of the gunwale, and began climbing in. When about half in, Bankes took up an oar and gave the poor half-drowned beggar a hearty whack on his back; it produced a fearful volley of oaths. Bankes said, 'It was so tight I could not help it.'

'Splashing' was also resorted to whenever a strange boat fouled you or took the inside when going against the tide, or for any other interference with us or infringement of the etiquette of the river.

Richard Grosvenor (now Lord Stalbridge), son of the then Marquis of Westminster, was a great friend of both Bankes and myself. He and Bankes were always sailing together either in a half-decker or a punch-bowl. Grosvenor was very fond of engine-driving, and often got passes for travelling on engines

on the London and South-Western, or sometimes the Great Western, line. I have often been up to Nine Elms with him and taken a run about the goods-station on a shunting engine. He is now Chairman of the London and North-Western Railway, following the bent of his youth. I was reminded of this shunting by reading Rudyard Kipling's clever book, 'The Day's Work.'

On one occasion he got a 'tasting order,' and we went down to the Docks and spent an afternoon amongst the wine-casks. He and I also had a grand time one autumn holidays, shooting grouse and black-game at Kielder Castle. We were left there by ourselves, with the run of the moor, keepers, gillies, dogs, and an allowance of a bottle of champagne a day. We finished up by giving a dinner to the shepherds on the moor, who drank up the remaining bottles of our champagne. It was the first time that I had a gun-license.

N.B.—Neither of the above paragraphs seems to have any connection with 'water.'

CHAPTER XII

'FIELDS'

Cricket—Fagging—Eleven *v.* Eight—Cricketers—Racquets—Sliding —Skating—A bit of a fratch.

As I was always on the water except when 'kept off' for my various sins—chiefly, I am happy to say, sins of omission—my recollections of 'fields' are few and far between, and consist chiefly of those earlier days when I was fagged for fielding out, helped to pull the big roller, etc., when a small boy.

'Fields' meant Tothill Fields, or what in my time was known to the public as Vincent Square. 'Fields' also to the Westminster boy meant cricket in general. The square was a large space, perhaps ten acres in extent, fairly level, in which, if proper pitches had been prepared, four matches could have been played at once. It was surrounded by high iron railings, with the entrance-gate at the north-east corner; here there was the care-taker's lodge, occupied by old Bentley and his family. Old Bentley was the care-taker of the ground, and did umpire at the matches; his son, young Bentley, helped with the ground, and acted as second professional, being a fairly good bowler.

The pitch of the eleven was on the east, or river side;

the small boys' games took place beyond the house, on the north side, to the right as you entered the ground. Some local club also was allowed to have a pitch, and play, far away to the south-west corner, but they never troubled us. There was also some makeshift of a pavilion and dressing-room attached to old Bentley's house, a long room with windows and shutters, facing towards the pitch of the eleven; here on match-days the elevens dined together.

A special professional in addition to young Bentley was always engaged, changing from year to year. The small boys had to fag out for the eleven, taking turns, and joining their own games between whiles.

Every year there was a match between 'fields' and 'water,' 'fields' represented by the eleven, 'water' by the eight and their cox, assisted by the two professionals, who bowled for them. This match was formerly called 'Lamprobatics,' but not in my time. I do not know the derivation of the word.

The eight generally held their own fairly well. We were, as a rule, rather a bigger lot than the eleven; and though they soon disposed of us, we all swiped away merrily, and ran up a fair score in a short time, trusting to our bowlers to get the eleven out; much fagging as youngsters had also taught us how to field.

Matches used to be played annually against the Marylebone, the Zingari, Old Westminsters, and other elevens. On important match-days there was 'no water,' and we poor watermen had to prowl up to 'fields' and criticise the play.

Roll-call took place every evening, one of the under-

masters choosing his own time, and no one could leave 'fields' till after roll-call.

I think you answered 'Here,' or 'Here, sir,' when your name was called. If the name of a boy on the water was called, someone replied 'Water.'

There were two ways to go up to 'fields'—the 'long way' and the 'short way.' The latter was 'out of bounds,' and ran through some poorish streets, of rather the slum order. As a protest against being kept off the water, on one occasion Grosvenor and I came down by the 'short way,' and sampled the drink at various public-houses on the way down. In the window of one public-house we saw a printed notice, 'No Ram-jam.' On inquiring, we found that ram-jam was drawn, like the beer, from a barrel in the cellar which was connected by a pipe with the zinc counter on which all the glasses stood and the empty pewters were set upside down to drain. The overflow of glasses and pewters, washing-up, spirits, beer, water, etc., all ultimately reached the ram-jam barrel, and were drawn for the ram-jam customers. We did not sample this brew; we should have been better employed on the water. There the entire freedom from any master's control was seldom, if ever, abused; and although we were constantly in public-houses—the Red House, the Old Swan, etc.—at our various halting-places, no excess in drinking was ever allowed, and, in fact, all of us were more or less on training rations.

The chief cricketers in my time—and there were many who afterwards distinguished themselves, five

playing for Oxford *v.* Cambridge between 1853 and 1855—were:

W. G. Armitstead, who played in the Oxford eleven in 1853, 1854, 1856, and 1857.

The two Fellows brothers: Walter, the fast bowler of his day, who played for Oxford in 1854 and 1856, and for Gentlemen *v.* Players in 1855 and 1857; and Spencer, who was also a good oar, rowing for us against the Old Westminster crew in 1853.

E. Balfour, who played for Oxford *v.* Cambridge, and for Gentlemen *v.* Players in 1852, 1853, and 1854.

C. G. Lane, a double Blue, who played for Oxford in 1856, 1858, and 1860, rowed against Cambridge in 1858 and 1859, and played for Gentlemen *v.* Players in 1854, 1857, and 1861.

F. W. Oliver, who played for Oxford in 1856 and 1857.

Henley Eden and Julius Alington, both good oars as well.

It is very curious how we water-fellows were separate from the cricketers, each set living its own life, entirely apart and with different views and aspirations as to games. I flog my memory with the utmost severity, but never an item with respect to cricket is produced. I can just remember the names of some of the cricketers of my time, and that is all. So the old Westminster cricketers must forgive me. To some of them, on the other hand, water memories would be equally a blank.

A few recollections I have, but more of fagging at cricket than playing the game. A vision of long-

stopping for Walter Fellows, and being called up and getting a cut or two on the hand with a stump for not stopping his express-pace deliveries. Another vision: The big roller dragged to and fro by a number of little wretches; others sitting on the top to make extra weight, jeering at the draught animals, but made to take their places in their turn. Also another vision as to the roller, not so pleasant—*i.e.*, being put through the hole at the end of the roller, and told to sit on the axle, like a squirrel in a cage.

I had to do this once, and found myself being dragged along hanging on underneath the axle, with my head bumping against the inside of the roller as it revolved. No! my cricket recollections are not so pleasant as my water ones; as the Frenchman said of the British soldier, 'Heureusement, il n'y a pas beaucoup.' My pleasant recollections in connection with 'fields' are all football memories, and these I have already dealt with.

Fields received its name of Vincent Square from Dean Vincent, who arranged for ten acres to be set apart as a playground for Westminster School. The ground was enclosed by rails in 1810. Bentley's house was built in 1826.

Another game much played at all times and seasons was racquets, played either with what we called wire racquets—*i.e.*, catgut-strung, like a modern racquet, but in weight approaching more to the lawn-tennis racquet, though longer in the handle—or with wooden racquets; these were made of, I think, ash wood, about 6 or 6½ inches broad in the blade, and about

2 feet long, stiff, and with little spring in the handle. The ball was the same both for wire and wooden racquets—a small fives ball, made of worsted wound over an indiarubber core, with smooth white leather cover. Our wire-racquet court was formed by the angle between the back-wall of the dormitory and Weare's (the under-master's) house and the range of boarding-houses beyond.

The dormitory was the front-wall, with a very high cut line, perhaps 3½ feet from the ground; the windows of Weare's house were wired over, but not those of the boarding-houses. The projecting steps—there were then three sets of steps like those existing still at the under-master's house—were much in the way, and were counted as 'lets,' and I think that balls striking against door-jambs and windows were also 'lets.' You had to serve easy service to your adversary, who could refuse any serves that he did not fancy. You might hit out as far as you pleased, even to the low wall on the opposite side of Little Dean's Yard; all was in play above a line drawn from the low corner of the main building of the dormitory. Any gentle hitting was considered sneaky and bad form, and half the play consisted in hitting out as hard as you could drive towards the far wall; and if your adversary after a long run returned the ball, you then drove it low over the line, with a drop cut on it, before he had time to get back; for this reason a four match was always preferable to a single game. The scoring was, I think, the same as at racquets; the game 15, and you could set it to 5, or 3, at 13 all, and

to 3 at 14 all. The ball-fag played an important part in the game; he stood at the point on the outside line where the flags ended. We used several balls, and he had to retrieve all that went out of play, and to be ready to supply the man serving as required. When ball-fagging, you had the right of calling on any boy junior to yourself who came into Little Dean's Yard, and he had to take your place till he could spot some other unfortunate—one junior to himself—to relieve him.

For this cause, both 'up Grant's' and 'up Rigaud's,' one was often tied to one's house till school-time, if a boy senior to one's self was doing ball-fag.

There was a Silver Racquet, which was played for (wire racquets) toward the end of the half before Whitsuntide. During this half the necessity of attendance in 'green' was much less strictly enforced, and the racquet-courts were generally kept in full swing.

I played once for the Silver Racquet, and might perhaps have won it, but was laid up with the measles, and had to play before I was half recovered. I played against William Hawthorn, who, I think, won the Silver Racquet in that year (1855). He beat me by his power of driving out to the back-wall. The seniors and Sixth Form town boys were the chief occupiers of the wire-racquet court; small boys very seldom got a look-in.

Wooden racquets was played in the recess between the school outer wall and the entrance to the College. The wall of 'Stoker's hole,' with Stoker's double door

in the middle, was our back-wall; College and its doorway on the right, and the low wall enclosing school steps on the left, with a large bracket projecting from the angle of College, holding a wire-covered gas-lamp. The cut line was very high. The favourite stroke in this court was to send the ball over the angle on the school side, so as to pitch near the school steps, and it was a pretty stroke to return it. The scoring was the same as for wire racquets; College door was a 'let.' There was no ball-fagging for wooden racquets.

When playing at either wire or wooden racquets, you were always liable to be turned out if a boy senior to all playing turned up, with three other players at his back; but this was seldom done except at the end of the game, and if done before was considered bad form. Small boys were allowed to 'knock up' against the intervening wall between the courts, but had to keep 'out of the light'—*i.e.*, out of the way.

Balls and racquets, when ordered, were supplied by an old gentleman called 'Ballman'; like most of our attendants, he was not dignified with a surname. He had a thin, wizened face, rather shambly legs, always carried a white canvas bag, and his favourite stand was beside the ball-fag. We liked our wire racquets made rather straight below, and with a high bow above the hand, for the cut stroke.

Little Dean's Yard was also the scene of sliding in the winter. All the side next the dormitory was flagged, from Weare's steps to the entrance of the Little Cloisters. On frosty evenings the juniors in

College were made to bring out can after can full of hot water, from some College boiler, which was poured down some 5 or 6 yards from Weare's steps, and allowed to find its way past the school steps to the cloisters, so that you could almost slide into the cloisters. Fancy sliding was in fashion: 'the tea-pot,' squatting close to the ice on one leg, with one leg out as the spout, and one arm akimbo as the handle; 'the postman's knock,' sliding on one foot and knocking with the other; and other tricks.

Skating could also be got in St. James's Park or on the Serpentine on Saturdays, but you had to get leave 'up town' to go there. One of the Minor Canons of the Abbey, Antrobus by name, was a beautiful skater. I have often watched him performing on the Serpentine, skating in the crack set, in a tall black hat and a tightly-buttoned tail-coat; he seemed to live on the 'outside edge backwards.'

Before closing this short chapter, I must give an account of a slight 'fratch'*—as we call it in Westmorland—or row, between me and the captain of the school, which occurred shortly before I left. I was playing wooden racquets in the court by 'Stoker's hole,' when the captain came out of College, with a racquet in his hand, and claimed the court.

He was perhaps within his rights, but he did it in a supercilious way. I was then either in the Upper Shell or Sixth Form, and rowed in, if I was not captain of, the eight. I could not stand it, so defied the laws,

* 'Fratch' is evidently derived from *frango*, a breach of the peace.

and hit him a good smack *a tergo* with my wooden racquet. He retired into College.

The fat was in the fire! The old Collegers *v.* Town Boys jealousy flared up, and there was a talk of seizing me and taking me up College for a tanning. I, however, had many friends among the watermen in College, and all the town boys with me, and they thought better of that plan. Then they talked of reporting to the Headmaster, but that fell through. Then I was asked to apologize; this I refused to do. Finally the flames fizzled out, but there was no love lost between the captain and myself.

CHAPTER XIII

FESTIVALS AND FIGHTS

The Pancake Grease—St. David's Day—Ditch-leaping—'Mills' in 'green.'

LET me speak next of the great festa of Shrove Tuesday, the time-honoured custom of Tossing the Pancake, and the Pancake Grease. In those days poor Dean Buckland was an invalid, and the traditional sovereign, presented by the Dean to the winner of the pancake, was presented by Lord John Thynne, the Subdean, in his place.

During my stay at Westminster, six and a quarter years, the whole pancake was only once secured and the sovereign claimed, and if I describe that 'grease' it will give a good idea of the 'greases' of the olden time.

Shrove Tuesday was always the day for the 'grease'; there was an 'early play' on that day. No school after breakfast, and no Abbey to follow.

The whole school were supposed to be in their several places behind the desks, the masters all gathered together at the upper end of the school.

The doors of school were thrown open, and a pro-

cession of two entered: a verger of the Abbey, bearing his silver mace, with the arms of Westminster on the top, commonly called his 'holy poker'; followed by the College cook, Tolfrey by name, in correct white costume, flat white cap and apron, with frying-pan in hand, containing a large pancake. The pancake was of peculiar formation, about half an inch thick, and kneaded up with any amount of horsehair to give it consistency.

The cook took his stand a few paces below the great iron bar which divided the school in half. By this time all the school were crowding down the benches to the point where the pancake might be expected to fall. A signal was given, the cook measured his distance, and with a swing of the arm sent the pancake flying over the bar. If he missed his shot he was 'booked'—*i.e.*, had books thrown at him—but I never saw that occur. Then the whole school broke loose, and rushed to catch the pancake as it fell, or to grab it on the floor. Then for ten minutes or so there was a whirling mass of struggling lads, which gradually subsided, when in general little or nothing of the pancake remained; and if not secured practically whole no sovereign could be claimed.

Now—I think it was in 1852—the 'third election' men, Twiss's 'election,' happened to be a strong, heavy lot, and, headed by Alfred Slade, they planned to get the pancake. Their idea was to secure places by the monitors' table, where there was an exit from the side-benches, near the place where the pancake

would fall, to dash out and form a close ring arm-in-arm round the pancake as it fell, one of their number being told off to creep in and secure it. Their plan was well laid, and came off, so far as forming their ring was concerned; but the pancake fell rather on the right hand of school, and near the desks of the Fifth Form, and all the press was on that side.

Now, there was a small boy—I think in the Under Fifth—called George Francis Wells, all honour be unto his name! He is now, I see, Rector of Boxford. He was a delicate boy then, and you could always make his nose bleed by slapping him on the back, between the shoulder-blades; I therefore have much doubt whether he ever intended to go for the pancake, but fate willed that his name should be handed down to posterity.

Wells was standing on the front-desk, when the 'third election' closed in on the pancake, and made their ring close to where Wells stood. Some fellow gave him a push; he fell forward into the middle of the ring, and found himself actually on the top of the pancake. He grasped his opportunity, and the pancake, unbuttoned his waistcoat as he lay upon the floor, slipped the pancake in, buttoned up again, and then managed to wriggle out of the scrimmage on his hands and knees. With preternatural wisdom he held his tongue, the 'grease' gradually subsided, and not a vestige of the pancake was to be seen.

After school little Wells slipped away with his pancake to the Subdean's, came back with his sovereign,

and no doubt he and his chums had a good time over it at Mother Shotton's or elsewhere.

The other day I found an engraving in the *Leisure Hour* depicting the Pancake Grease of the present day—the old school all altered, the 'shell' gone, the desks swept away and arranged across the school at the upper end, high oak panels all round, and the boys massed behind the forms. They are drawn sitting with their backs to the fun, and only showing a casual interest in the matter by looking back over their shoulders. A little trickle of boys is running down to meet the pancake, perhaps a dozen in all.

The cook, properly dressed, is to the fore, as of old, but is standing facing down school instead of up; he has made a good shot, and the pancake is seen flying over the bar. But there the resemblance ends, and the real old Pancake Grease is no more. Poor old custom! what harm did it do in its old form? It was no worse than many a 'grease' in 'green' at football, and no shinning was allowed.

In Mr. Sargeaunt's book the cook is described as 'from the north side throwing the pancake, over the bar, towards the door'; but in my time he certainly threw it from the south side, away from the door.

Another pleasant day was St. David's Day, March 1, sacred to the Welshmen.

There was always an 'early play' on that day. After early school the Headmaster entered, accompanied by either Sir Watkin Wynn or some member of the family; sometimes two Wynns appeared. The

usual Latin prayers, with the extra prayer for founder and benefactors, were read, Sir Watkin kneeling on the Headmaster's right, any other Wynn on his left.

Sir Watkin then asked for the 'early play,' which was always granted, with many cheers from the boys. After school any boy who could claim descent on either side from Welsh parents came forward, established his claim, and received a sovereign from Sir Watkin. J. H. Walwyn, our cox in the eight—now retired as Lieutenant-Colonel from the Royal Welch Fusiliers—was one of the recipients; all the Vaughan-Williams family, sons of the Judge; and I think several others. I know that my father-in-law, W. Rice Markham, and his brothers John and Fred (the latter afterwards the General), formerly claimed for their Rice descent on their mother's side, their claim being allowed.

There was no Abbey on St. David's Day, and after breakfast we were free. My friend Lewis Vaughan-Williams always spent his sovereign royally, giving a breakfast to a party of four or five of his chums at a hotel which then existed on the left-hand Middlesex side of Westminster Bridge, close to the steamboat pier. The repast was ordered the day before, and consisted mainly of a big dish of roasted larks. I had always the honour of an invitation to the spread. Later in the day took place the time-honoured St. David's Day sport of ditch-leaping, indulged in on that day only.

All the big boys who cared to come found their way either by steamer or rowing to the Red House, muster-

ing there at about 3 p.m. The big fellows each brought a fag with him, to carry his shag when he jumped, and great was the competition amongst the small boys for the honour of shag-fag on the occasion.

On the level meadows behind the Red House, the ground now occupied by Battersea Park, there were then a number of large straight cuts, full of water. These big ditches had traditional names, and there were many stories of the wonderful jumps that had been made in former days. One name I can remember —'Spanking Sam.' This was a ditch—some people might say drain—which was on the far side of the land, at the back of some houses, with gardens sloping down to it. This was an almost impossible jump; a lead was given, and one after another in we all went, splashed over head, to the intense joy of the fags.

As I forged my way up in the school I grew from fag to fag-master, and joined in the jumping; I was good at it, and could clear all except that awful Spanking Sam.

In 1855, after the great frost, we found all the ditches frozen, but with 5 or 6 inches of water on the top, and if you jumped short you slipped upon the ice, with disastrous consequences. When giving a lead over a ditch that year, I almost jumped on a jack-snipe, which got up between my feet from the rushes on the bank. It was the fashion to take a small flask of some spirit up with you, as it was sometimes bitter cold work; these flasks were carried in the shag pockets. Once, as a fag, I had the ill-luck to drop my master's flask, which was not recovered. Frequent dips

excused occasional nips, but I utterly deny the 'inability to carry ourselves home' which is referred to in 'Annals of Westminster.' There was a book at that time kept by the head town boy, and called the Town Boy Ledger, or some such name. When I was second in command 'up Grant's,' Pope, the head town boy, being away sick, I had charge of this 'ledger,' and found therein much abuse of ditch-leaping, written by Old Macready. I wrote my opinions on the subject therein, differing widely from those of Old Mac, or shall I say Old Cheeks? I still look back to it as a grand day's sport.

I look up W. C. Macready's name in the register, and find that he died in 1871 as a District Judge in Ceylon. Of the after-life of Young Cheeks I can find no mention.

And now a few words as to 'mills' in 'green.' A 'mill' in our parlance was a fight, and a 'mill' in 'green' had all the solemnity of a prize-fight, a sport much more popular in those days, when *Bell's Life* still existed, and Egan's very picturesque descriptions of prize-fights formed the favourite Sunday reading of the sporting man—as Leach described Christmas Day, 'For all the world like Sunday without *Bell's Life*.'

Our 'mills' in 'green' were carried out with all the proper paraphernalia of the ring—chairs for the combatants, basins, hot water, sponges, towels, and raw beef for the black eyes. The rules of the ring also were strictly observed, with a Sixth Form time-keeper and umpire, seconds, and a ring composed of

all boys under the Shell. There were few absentees when a fight was on foot.

The fights always took place before early school, and were held in the Fighting Green, close under the walls of the Abbey, and surrounded by the cloisters, a charming situation with good level turf, and secluded from the public eye, though tradition said that Dean Buckland kept an eye upon us from a side-window of the Deanery.

No authority interfered; the system was recognised, or at all events 'winked at,' by the masters, and a boy appearing in school with two black eyes, cut lips, and a bulging nose was only greeted with, 'Run your face against a door, I suppose!' or like mild chaff from his form master.

Few boys fought more than one fight, and we were generally the better friends afterwards, each recognising the other's powers and pluck.

There were seldom more than one or two fights in a half, but on one occasion we had a series of three fights, following closely one on the other, and arising one from the other.

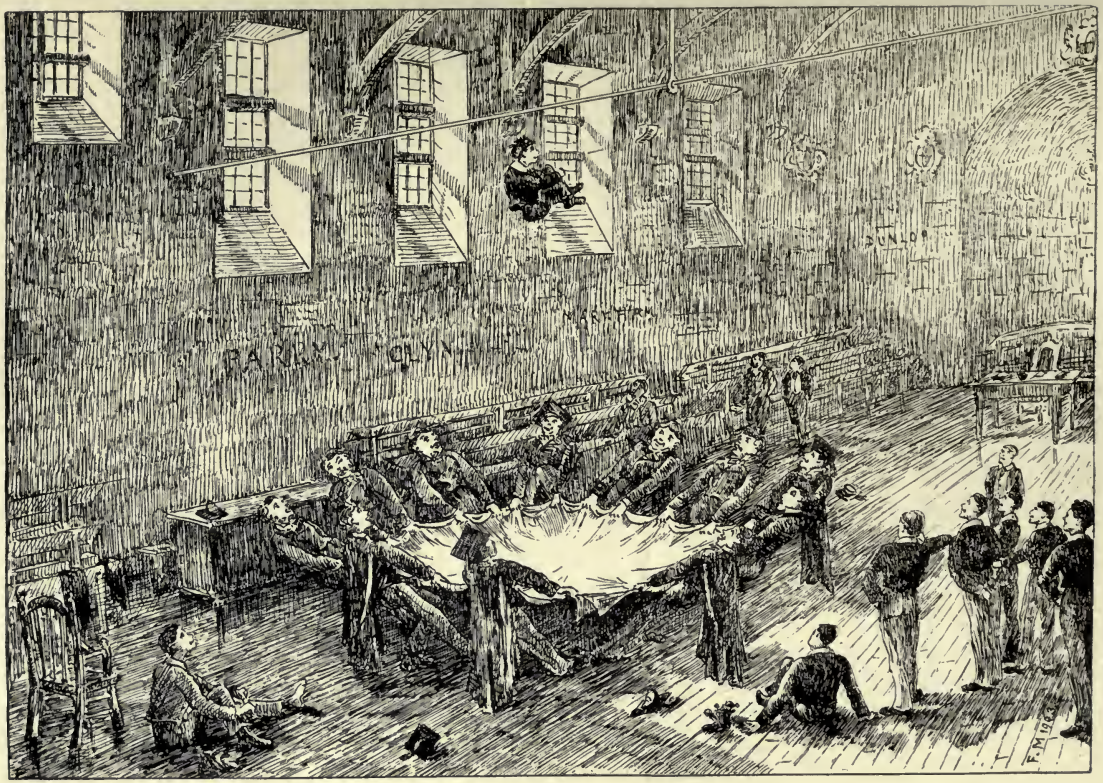
I and C. G. Slade—afterwards a Colonel in my regiment, the Rifle Brigade—had the honour of opening the ball. Our fight came about in this wise:

We were engaged up school on an examination in arithmetic. Young Slade and I were sitting doing paper work at the old examination-table; he was on my left, the inkpot was on my right. He put his arm behind my back for a dip in the ink, and jogged my elbow, causing me to make a blot. I said, 'If you do

that again I'll punish you.' He of course did it again; I turned and hit him in the face, and we had a bit of a fight, seated between the table and the wall. Then a monitor came up and stopped us, saying, 'If you want to fight, have it out in "green" properly.' We both agreed to that, and the fight was arranged for next morning at, I think, 6 or 6.30.

Slade and I occupied the same bedroom 'up Grant's,' and were usually great allies. We got up the next morning at some unearthly hour, silently dressed up to our waists, and proceeded to wash, he at one end of the row of basins, I at the other, as distant as possible. He then proceeded to put on a white jersey to fight in. I looked on enviously out of the corner of my eye, as I did not wear jerseys; then he spoke: 'Can I lend you a jersey?' The ice was broken; he lent me a jersey, we tied handkerchiefs tightly round our waists (no braces on), slipped into our jackets, and went down. It was still very early. We each got a wire racquet and a ball, and began 'knocking up'; after a bit we started a game together, and when the fellows began streaming out of the houses for the fight we were hard at work at our game.

A ring was soon formed in the centre of the Fighting Green, time-keeper chosen, ends (on account of sun) tossed for, chairs, water, etc., arranged, and then we were taken in hand by our seconds. Slade was backed by his elder brother, Alfred, Q.S. (who afterwards joined the 57th Regiment, was wounded at the Redan, transferred to the new Canadian 100th Regiment as Captain, and succeeded his father in the baronetcy);



TOSSING THE MINOR CANDIDATES "UP SCHOOL."

"Ibis ab excusso missus ad astra sago."

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

he was then, I think, either a senior or 'third election.' My backer was a Waterfield—I think Edward; he was a town boy in the Shell, and left shortly afterwards, joining the Civil Service in India.

The fight partook rather of the nature of a College *v.* Town Boy affair, the Collegers backing Slade for his brother's sake, and the Town boys backing me. We were, I think, both in the Under Fifth at the time, so rather light weights.

Slade had the pull of me as to years, being some six months my senior, and he had more show, if not more science, being London-bred; but I was strong and square-shouldered, and had fought much at my old school at Southwell in Nottinghamshire, not to mention constant rounds with 'skies' during football, and at other favourable opportunities, so we were a fair match. He adopted the tactics of dancing around, dodging my blows, and keeping out of reach; whilst I went in more for heavy slogging. We fought for nearly an hour, and for the last quarter I had him fairly licked; but his brother told him to drop down whenever I touched him, and they brought his chair round to the place where he dropped. This occurred again and again, till at last my second, Waterfield, complained, and he and Old Slade had a regular row over it; one challenged the other, and another 'mill' was arranged. Our little affair became of slight importance in view of this more serious coming fight. We had to stop, with the affair left undecided, to be finished next morning; it was school-time, and we had to dress and go in. My eyes were both black and

blue, Slade's head was all swelled up like a pumpkin, and he could hardly see; yet we had to take our places and pretend to work as best we could. We were both so stiff and sore that fighting next day was impossible, so there it ended in a drawn battle.

Then came the great fight between Old Slade and Waterfield—Slade a square-built, powerful fellow about 5 feet 10 inches in height, Waterfield rather taller, lighter built, but wiry and quick on his legs. This was the best fight in 'green' that I saw; like ours, it was never finished; they fought gamely, both receiving heavy punishment, and neither willing to give in. This fight also had to be stopped on account of morning school, and was never continued.

This fight caused much excitement between Queen's Scholars and Town Boys, the latent jealousy flaring up. Before another week was out a third quarrel took place and another 'mill' in 'green' was arranged, this time between W. L. Francis, a dark-haired, hard-bitten 'Bishop's boy,' hailing from Scott's house, either a boarder there or a half-boarder; and G. M. Onslow, then, I think, a colleger in 'second election,' also a sturdy, strong-built lad, but he carried more weight about the belt ('bread-basket,' as *Bell's Life* would say) than he was entitled to. This, too, was a hard-fought fight, but I cannot remember the result.

Onslow joined the 41st Regiment; Francis went to Oxford. I can remember a wordy dispute on board the eight between Onslow at No. 4 and E. Bourke at No. 5, as to the antiquity of their respective families, Onslow being a descendant of a whole line of old

Westminsters dating back to Arthur George, third Earl of Onslow, admitted 1777, and Bourke being a younger brother of poor Lord Mayo, assassinated when Governor of India in 1872. I find that Robert Bourke, fifth Earl of Mayo, was admitted at Westminster in 1807, but, as there may be older names in either family or older lists, appeal must be to Burke.

On consulting Burke, I find the Bourkes claiming descent from Fitz Adeln de Burgo, who succeeded Strongbow as Governor of Ireland in 1177, *temp.* Henry II., the Onslows from one Ondeslow, *temp.* Henry III. So, thus far, the Bourkes have it.

The row might easily have upset the boat, but Onslow at No. 4 with Bourke at No. 5 would have had the best of the fight.

Bourke, commonly called Paddy Bourke, had lost a thumb as a boy. He joined, and became Major in, the Inniskilling Dragoons, and held office as Military Secretary to his brother, Lord Mayo, when Governor of India. He was a fine, tall fellow and a good oar.

The Waterfield who fought with Slade was the author of the famous epigram about Liddell and Scott.

I notice up school that the list of Waterfields has now crept down, till it outruns the list of Markhams, which till lately had the pre-eminence—*meâ culpâ*, perhaps, as I have sent no son to the old school.

CHAPTER XIV

THE PLAY, ETC.

The Westminster Play—College hall—Heraldry.

After the Bartlemytide holidays the upper forms were always served out by Ginger with a thin bound octavo copy of a play by Terence.

I possess three of these—'Eunuchus,' 'Adelphi,' and 'Phormio,' all in drab paper covers and with green cloth backs. I have looked inside, hoping to find casts of the Play, and perhaps the state of the odds or particulars of my book on the event. In 'Eunuchus' I find the casts of the Play in 1851 and 1854; no information in 'Adelphi' or 'Phormio.' In those days the Play was a fertile source of betting between Queen's Scholars and town boys—betting as to who would be selected for the various parts.

The cast was always kept a dead secret from the town boys. There were always two or three parts about which we town boys could be fairly certain—for instance, the part traditionally played by the captain of the school, and the girls' parts, generally assigned to some pretty young fellows in the third or second 'election.' These were the parts that the town boys

were most keen to bet upon. The Queen's Scholars always wanted to bet on the smaller parts. They had this pull, 'that they knew'; but, on the other hand, they could not well refuse a bet, for fear of letting the cat out of the bag. This and the scratch fours for the silver goblets were the only events we betted on. Some fellows made up regular books on these events, and spent their time nibbling at a pencil and adding up the figures in their books—very Leviathans in their way.

All the upper forms went through a regular course of the coming Play, till we knew the parts almost as well as the actors themselves.

I am the possessor of the library of my great-grandfather, Archbishop Markham, who, when Head-master of Westminster, took great interest in the Play, and presented the first set of classical scenes for it.

Before the Play there was always great rivalry amongst the town boys, not for stalls or private boxes, but for window seats. These consisted of a few sittings precariously situated on the sill of a window, without rest for the sole of your foot. To get to the far seat, No. 1 had to sit down and slide along, followed by 2, 3, 4—I think the seat held five or six. You sat on the cold stones, with your feet dangling over the heads of the guests below.

These luxurious sittings were, I think, in the gift of the seniors. The only other place provided for the town boys was 'the gods.' The boards forming the

back of the auditorium of the temporary theatre were carried straight up for 5 or 6 feet above the uppermost seats, and along these upright boards was carried a strong shelf, about 8 inches wide and about 3 feet from the top. On this the town boys stood sideways, packed as close as herrings in a box, their left elbows clinging to the top of the boards behind, and their heads looking over their right shoulders; their hands, when required for clapping, met over the next boy's shoulders. Looking back, you had a bird's-eye view of the length of the dormitory; looking to your right, you could just see the stage over your right shoulder. But what you had to do was to keep your eye upon Cerberus (the 'god-keeper') and his cane; he stood facing us on our left. When the cane was lifted it signified 'Plaudite,' and if the hands did not go fast enough, whack! whack! whack! went the cane down the rows of legs. Once up, you had to stay up all through the Play—Prologue, Play, and Epilogue—without change of position.

After the Play—I think on the second night of the three—dear old Marshall, our tutor 'up Grant's,' used to give us a regular supper in our hall.

On one Play night—I think just before I left the school—I was invited by some of my colleger rowing friends to stop up College for supper; I did so, and had my share of Mother Shotton's celebrated sack-whey and other delights. I stayed late, could not get into Grant's, so slept the night up College. The authorities were none the wiser.

Connected with the Play in my mind are the chimes of the Abbey, as at about that time they used to begin practising for Christmas. What we liked most was what we called 'firing the bells,' which was done at regular intervals, all the bells following one another in quick succession in a general clash which must have made the old bell-towers tremble to their foundations.

And now as to the Plays and the casts of the Plays that were acted in my time.

First as to 'Eunuchus,' played in 1851 and again in 1854, of which I have entries in my copy of the Play.

'EUNUCHUS.'

1851.	*Personæ.*	1854.
G. de L. Lacy	PHÆDRIA, *adolescens*	E. H. Wodehouse.
G. B. Macilwain	PARMENO, *servus*	J. F. Dickson.
F. H. Dodgson	THAIS, *meretrix*	C. E. Fisher.
S. Joyce	GNATHO, *parasitus*	R. M. Freeman.
W. G. Armitstead	CHÆREA, *adolescens*	H. L. Harrison.
W. Fellows	THRASO, *miles*	G. F. Wells.
Q. W. F. Twiss	PYTHIAS, *ancilla*	H. L. Thompson.
V. T. Green	CHREMES, *adolescens*	G. A. à Beckett.
—	ANTIPHO, *adolescens*	—
W. H. Lipscomb	DORIAS, *ancilla*	J. P. Ingham.
A. Slade	DORUS, *eunuchus*	— Waters.
C. W. Fendall	SANGA, *servus*	W. W. Follett.
J. F. K. Hewitt	SOPHRONA, *nutrix*	J. K. Gaskell.
E. W. Somerville	LACHES, *senex*	J. L. Sim.
	Personæ Mutæ.	
— Edwards	SIMALIO	S. G. Freeman.
J. SALWEY	DONAX, *militis servi*	R. Eden.
R. H. Somerville	SYRISCUS	F. Catt.
E. H. Wodehouse	PAMPHILA, *adolescentula*	W. B. Collis.
R. J. Waters	*Ancilla Æthiops*	W. Henty.

NOTES.

The part of Antipho seems to have been cut out in both 1851 and 1854, and the part of Ancilla Æthiops added, perhaps to bring in some joke in the Epilogue, as it is not given in the printed list of characters.

On one page of my 'Eunuchus' there is a rough sketch of 'the gods' at the Play, with the word 'Dii' below. The curve of the dormitory roof shows above the shoulders of the Dii, springing from that level. The sketch is over the words of Thais, Act III., scene 2: 'Ita me Dii ament, honestus est.'

In 1849 there was no Play.

In 1850 'Andria' was the Play, but I have no copy of the Play and no note of the characters.

In 1851 'Eunuchus' was played, with characters as given on p. 173.

In 1852 'Adelphi' was played; I have no list.

In 1853 there was no Play, I think on account of the anxiety of the country about the Crimean War.

In 1854 'Eunuchus' was played, with characters as given on p. 173.

In 1855 'Phormio' was given; I have no list.

I therefore saw four different plays acted during the six and a quarter years that I was at the school.

In an old atlas of ancient geography I find a page with four very crude sketches, in red and blue chalk, of characters in the 'Adelphi.' They are all making to their left, in profile. Whether these represent the characters in the Epilogue, or only my fancy as to the costumes of the Play anglicized, I cannot say. They appear thus:

DEMEA as a British farmer—flat hat, green coat, breeches and boots, churchwarden pipe, and a hunting-crop.

MICIO: Bald head with fringe of gray hair, beard, spectacles, a white toga with trousers showing below, and a large green umbrella.

ÆSCHINUS: Tall black hat, black moustache and whiskers, red tunic, with green tartan plaid, yellow trousers, black boots, stick in hand.

CTESIPHO: White felt hat, red hair and whiskers, churchwarden pipe, smock-frock, black trousers, clod-hopper boots, stick and bundle over his shoulder.

I have no note of the Plays prepared for, or given in, the years 1849, 1850, 1852, 1853, or 1855, but 'Adelphi' was played in 1852, and 'Phormio' in 1855. This I deduce from old Ginger's dates in my copies, for Ginger always wrote your name and the date of issue in your books before he handed them to you.

In 1849 and 1850, I think, I must have been too low down in the school to read the Play in my form.

In 1850 the Prologue, written by Liddell, alluded to the death of Queen Adelaide, the Epilogue being a skit on the Peace Congress.

In 1851 I remember nothing of the Prologue; the Epilogue was on the Great Exhibition.

In 1852 the Prologue referred to the death of the Duke of Wellington; the Epilogue consisted of chaff against the Bloomer costume and the Yankee schooner, *The America*, an absurd parody on 'Yankee Doodle,'

in Latin, being sung by Quentin Twiss, who was my 'help' for College :

'Ad urbem venit Doodleius cum
Caballo et calone,
Ornavit plumâ pileum,
Et dixit macaroni.

'Doodleius semel Doodleius bis
Doodleius pulchriorem,
Uxorem fertur habuisse
Saccharo dulciorem.'

Why a cell in one's brain should have been devoted for half a century to the retention of such trash as this no fellow can understand; Canon Gilbert also had a spare cell lumbered up in the same fashion, and was able to correct my memory of the couplets.

In 1854 the Prologue referred again to the Crimea, and to the deaths of Lord Raglan and General F. Markham; this, I believe, was written by our new Headmaster, Scott. The Epilogue, by James Mure, was legal chaff—John Doe *v.* Richard Doe, etc.

From Mr. Forshall's book I have stolen the casts for—

'ANDRIA,' 1850.

Simo	W. H. Bennett.
Sosia	W. G. Henderson.
Davus	H. Blagden.
Pamphilus	W. G. Armitstead.
Mysis	S. Andrews.
Charinas	W. H. Horne.
Byrria	S. Madan.
Lesbia	C. P. Ingram.
Chremes	H. Barnes.
Crito	E. T. Chamberlayne.
Dromo	F. W. Oliver.

'ADELPHI,' 1852.

Micio	T. M. Gilbert.
Demea	F. W. Oliver.
Sannio	A. F. A. Slade.
Æschinus	C. Upperton.
Syrus	Q. W. F. Twiss.
Ctesipho	W. Madan.
Sostrata	F. H. Dodgson.
Canthara	G. A. à Beckett.
Geta	C. F. Gregorie.
Hegio	G. Lavie.
Dromo	R. H. Somerville.
Parmino	R. M. Freeman.

'PHORMIO,' 1855.

PHORMIO - - - -	W. W. Follett.
GETA - - - - -	W. T. G. Hunt.
DEMIPHO - - - -	V. A. Williamson.
ANTIPHO - - - -	G. S. Park.
DORIO - - - -	J. N. Heale.
CHREMES - - - -	G. C. Robinson.
PHÆDRIA - - - -	V. H. Briscoe.
SOPHRONA - - - -	J. K. Gaskell.
NAUSISTRATA - - -	C. E. Fisher.
HEGIO - - - -	W. B. Collis.
CRATINUS - - - -	J. Salwey.
CRITO - - - - -	J. P. Ingham.

I am glad to see that the Play is still kept up, with new scenery and all its old associations. Long may it survive!

In olden times the boys played their parts in Court dress; the more appropriate Greek costumes were introduced by Williamson in 1839.

The first attempt at scenery for the Play was made by Dr. Markham in 1758, when the Prologue to 'Phormio' was recited by one Edward Salter, praising Dr. Markham's gift. Queerly enough, his son, another Edward Salter, spoke the Prologue on the last occasion when that scenery was used. The present scenery was designed by Mr. Cockerell, R.A., and first used in 1858.

I believe the Prologue is still spoken by the captain of the school, in black silk breeches and stockings.

The second night was always considered the show night, the first night being more of a dress rehearsal.

So much has been written about the Play by other authors that I will say no more.

In my first trip round the cloisters I mentioned College hall. I cannot pass over that, though, except for the few days when I was a 'min. can.' (or minor candidate for College), I saw very little of it. Except for the change from the ancient charcoal fire burning in an octagonal brasier in the centre of the room, with smoke finding vent through the louvre above, to the modern iron stove, I believe the hall is but little changed since the days when it was the Abbot's refectory. The massive tables and benches, made from 'Armada' oak, must date from the times of good Queen Bess, and are still there. The old louvre acts as a ventilator, and on your entrance you pass through the screen which divides the buttery from the hall, with the latticed gallery above. The high oak roof, the slightly raised daïs at the north end, and the arms on the walls, above the oak wainscot, can still be seen; in fact, the hall has perhaps witnessed less alteration than any part of the school precincts.

The entry from the small yard is on the left hand by a short stairway under a pent-house roof.

Jerusalem Chamber is hard by, the entrance being up a flight of steps from the same yard, into which the windows look. All this is unaltered.

The strong oak roof of the hall rests on projecting corbels, formed by angels holding shields, showing the arms of Edward the Confessor and of many of the old Abbots of Westminster.

The larger coats of arms on the walls show the collegiate arms of St. Peter's College, Westminster, the arms of Christ Church, Oxford, of Trinity, Cam-

bridge, of the Order of the Bath, etc. It is a noble room, and a fine relic of olden times.

It is 47 feet long and 27½ feet wide, and was built *temp.* Edward III. as the refectory of the monks, by Abbot Litlington, who also built the cloisters and the wall round College gardens.

Whilst speaking of coats of arms, I may also mention the coats up school. Queen Elizabeth's arms were above the 'shell,' St. Peter's College within the apse of the 'shell,' Christ Church on the east wall, Trinity Hall on the west wall, both near the upper end of the school. The arms of Oxford and another coat (perhaps Cambridge) occupied places on either side of the 'shell.'

Over the entrance archway and facing Little Dean's Yard the arms of Queen Elizabeth were deeply cut in the stone, with numerous floral flourishes.

Another question, as to heraldry: What is the proper motto of the school? In my time we only knew: 'In patriam populumque.' Now, I believe, another is in use: 'Dat Deus incrementum.' And, to go further back, in an old edition of 'Lusus Westmonastrienses, MDCCXXXIV.,' one of Dr. Markham's books, I find on the title-page the arms of Westminster on a large scale, and this motto, 'Memores fecere merendo.' Three mottoes for one coat of arms! Which is right?

In this chapter I have mentioned Canon Gilbert's name. T. M. Gilbert was a son of the then Bishop of Chichester, and is now Vicar of Heversham in Westmorland, and a Canon of Carlisle.

Before he entered College he was 'up Rigaud's,' and was very seriously burnt. Two boys, Cornish and Dymock, were instrumental in saving his life, though he was badly scorched by the flames. K. H. Cornish was a senior when I joined; he left in 1849, becoming, I believe, an author and editor.

F. H. Dymock left in 1848, joined the 95th Regiment, and afterwards the Turkish service, and was killed at the head of a Turkish regiment at the passage of the Ingour, in Asia Minor, on November 5, 1855—another of Westminster's losses in the wars.

CHAPTER XV

ELECTION

Major and minor candidates—The challenges—College gardens—'Ibis ab excusso'—Chairing—A 'dead cut.'

EVERY year, at the end of the half after Christmas, the examinations for studentships at Christ Church, Oxford, and Trinity, Cambridge, took place. This was called 'election.' The major candidates consisted of the senior 'election' in College, or such of them as cared to compete for the studentships. This, the real 'election,' took place at the end of the half, after the holidays had commenced, the major and minor candidates staying on at school for, I think, three days. The examiners for the studentships were representatives of the Dean and the Masters of the above colleges, assisted by various other learned Professors of the Greek and Latin classics. Whether there was any paper work or other examination previous to these election days I do not know, and in those days no town boy could compete.

For the minor candidates, on the contrary, the whole term was a continued stream of examinations, and must have been a great strain on the wits of boys

of from thirteen to fifteen, which last was, I think, the limit of age for a candidate.

These examinations were called 'challenges.' Mr. Sargeaunt, at p. 162 of his book, quotes Dr. Liddell's description of the challenges, which is short and to the point; he had many years of experience, and there could be no better authority. But perhaps, as an old minor candidate, I may go a little further into the matter, from the minor candidate's point of view, more especially as to the preparation for the challenge by the 'helps,' both up College previously and after the challenge for the day was given out.

Each minor candidate looked out for the best man—I think always a Queen's Scholar, and generally in second or third 'election'—as his 'help'—*i.e.*, his instructor, not only in all the necessary classical knowledge, but also in the tricks of the challenges and the curious byways of the Greek and Latin grammars; he also had to be well acquainted with all the laws of the game, and ready to act as your counsel in the challenge, backing you up with grammar and lexicon, and references to previous decisions on all points of the law.

The man picked out for me as my 'help' was Quentin Twiss, then head of the 'third election'; he was clever, sharp, and thoroughly fitted for the work. Every evening I had to prepare so many pages of Greek grammar or other work, long lists of examples, etc. All rules had to be learnt by heart; everything had to be quoted exactly as it appeared in the edition of the grammar that was in use. Each morning at

about 6 a.m. I had to be beside Twiss's bed in the dormitory. He lay comfortably in bed, whilst I stood, or sat, shivering beside him. The lesson generally lasted for about an hour; in addition to this the unfortunate 'min. can.' had to prepare and take up his usual form work in school. For the 'help' the training was most useful, as nothing teaches so much as teaching; by 'helping' they were kept well posted up in all the rudiments of grammar, not to mention the receipt of a nice little honorarium in the shape, I think, of a ten-pound note for their services. I am sure that it was not the fault of my 'help' that I proved a failure.

One hardship of the challenge system was this: The names of the 'min. cans.' were entered in school order. If you were high up, you had but to defend your position, and you might lose place after place and still be within the number elected. On the other hand, a boy low in the school was perhaps fifteenth on the list, and had to gain at least five places before he could scrape into College.

Now for a description of the challenges in general, and we will take the first challenge, a 'limited Latin challenge,' as a specimen.

Early in the day the Headmaster—we will say Liddell—gave out certain lines from Ovid's 'Metamorphoses' as the theme for the day. If four boys were up for the challenge, perhaps thirty-six lines were given out; these were divided into lengths of six or seven lines each, for which lots were drawn by the 'helps'; we will call the boys A, B, C, D; A being junior. The lots were kept secret. A drew only one length of six

lines, having only to attack; D, one only, having only to defend. B and C drew two lengths each, having to defend and then attack. The 'min. cans.' engaged sat on the challenge-day in the 'shell' with their 'helps,' 'muzzing' away in preparation for their turn. First the whole passage had to be gone through, read over to be sure of the quantities, and then most carefully construed, with due regard to choice of the correct English words. Then the particular lengths allotted to each had to be most carefully examined, and choice made of the two most troublesome words, on which to found the special questions you were to ask, irregular verbs for preference. Every word of the rules, including headings of chapters, etc., had to be carefully learnt by heart. Then the whole of the passage had to be rather more cursorily gone through, picking out the questions likely to be chosen from each six lines by your adversary, for you never knew which length he would put you on. I think that only two questions were allowed in the limited challenges.

At some fixed hour the challenge commenced. Liddell took his seat at the big table, facing down school, A and B stood opposite him, A to his right, B to his left. The 'helps' of each sat on either side, with dictionaries and grammars (the learned counsel for the attack and defence); other boys stood round. On a signal from Liddell they begin, A kicking off: 'Read and construe six lines beginning at . . .' B begins reading the Latin—makes a false quantity in the third line. A corrects him, and at a sign from Liddell goes up, and takes the top place for the time.

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Then B commences in the same way, 'Read and construe,' etc., the lines being those drawn for him for his first bout. A completes his reading without check, proceeds to construe, comes to a word—say *procella*—translates it 'gale'; B objects, and suggests 'breeze.' Then ensues a discussion; out come dictionaries: a quotation suggested by B's 'help,' *lenta procella*, decides it, and Liddell gives B the signal to go up. B immediately recommences his reading at the place in third line where he made the slip, and completes both reading and construing without a check. A must now resort to his rules; he has found the verb *patitur* in his length. He commences: '*Patitur*. Give rule and examples for the use of a passive verb in an active sense.' B has a vague idea of the correct answer, and commences with the headings of the chapters, etc. '*Patitur:* third person singular of the present tense of the verb "*patior*, I suffer." Rule: Verbs passive,' etc., etc. If he misses a heading, or makes a mistake in the exact words of the rule, A checks him, and if the check holds good A takes his place, and goes on from *procella*, 'a breeze,' and completes his translation. Then B commences with his hard words: '*Ab hominibus.* Parse and give rule for the case of *hominibus*.' Off goes A: '*Hominibus:* dative case plural'—checked; 'ablative case'—check correct. Down goes A again, and B has to go on again and worry through the difficulties of *patitur* as best he can. If A exhausts his questions and leaves B at the top, A retires, and C comes on at the top, to be attacked by B with his second piece, 'Read and construe,' etc., as before.

If A succeeds in flooring B, then B's second piece is handed to him, and he attacks C with that, using such questions as he can think of. If he can floor C, then he tackles D, and then E. Wherever a boy leaves off in any challenge, from that place he starts for the next challenge, which perhaps may take place a week later. The first challenge is continued next day, the top boy from the first day attacking the lowest boy of the next batch, and so on till the first challenge is completed.

The second challenge will perhaps be a 'limited Greek challenge,' conducted in exactly the same way, the book used being a selection from the Greek anthology.

Some challenges were 'unlimited.' I do not believe that any pedagogue could have been possessed by such an 'inner cussedness' as to have invented an 'unlimited challenge.' Like Topsy in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' the thing must have 'growed.'

The reading and construing were the same as in the 'limited challenges,' but the questions asked were unlimited indeed, ranging far and wide throughout the bounds of the Latin or Greek grammar.

The 'min. cans.' came up primed by their 'helps,' with page after page of irregular verbs, obsolete forms of genitives of personal pronouns, improperly declined nouns, etc. If they hit on a weak place in their adversary's armour, then they had a gay time, doling out word by word, and taking him up with each separate word, the adversary meanwhile working a 'raw' on his own account, perhaps an irregular verb

which was unknown to his neighbour. Then he began: 'What is the first person singular, present tense? the second person? the third person?' and so on, taking him up at each failure, and beginning again at the same place as soon as he in turn was upset. So it went on, a matter of memory and endurance, combined with good helping beforehand, till one or the other was worn out. Sometimes these 'unlimited' challenges would last for hours, and the winner, tired out, would have to commence afresh with the next boy above him. At the end of all the challenges (I forget the total number) the places obtained were kept: the boy left head became 'liberty boy'—*liber*, 'free' (from fagging)—and would, if he stayed on for his fourth year in College, become captain of the school. There were generally ten places to fill.

On the evening of the final challenge a short ladder was prepared, with a chair strapped on the middle. The 'liberty' boy was placed on the chair and carried round the Great Cloisters, and then round Great and Little Dean's Yards, calling at all the masters' houses, where the masters came out, shaking hands with and congratulating the boy.

The pace was a quick trot, and all the school ran cheering alongside.

Personally, I made a poor show as a minor candidate. I think I was born at the wrong time of the year—a late foal of October 31. The time to be born was about April (not on the 1st), so that at the commencement of the challenges you were still under

fifteen. An October-born lad was only fourteen and a half at the time. I started, I think, fourteenth, and worked up three places by the end, but just failed to secure a place in the ten. I was sorry for Twiss, who had done all he could for me, but was not very sorry for myself, as I had no particular desire to enter College, and was very comfortable, with many good friends, 'up Grant's.' Indeed, I had afterwards a chance of being taken into College in place of a boy who left, but declined it.

The 'election' that I did not succeed in joining (it was the 'election' of 1852) consisted of—

W. W. Follett, captain (Holy Orders. Died 1874).
J. J. Cowell (Barrister).
G. S. Park (Indian Civil Service. Died 1886).
W. T. G. Hunt (Holy Orders).
C. S. Steward (Colonel 4th Madras Cavalry).
R. B. Vaughan-Williams (Judge, and son of a Judge).
V. H. Briscoe (Civil Service).
W. Owen (son of the Professor of Anatomy, Sir Richard Owen; Foreign Office. Drowned 1886).
J. L. Sim (left in 1855; coffee-planter, Ceylon).
J. Salwey (Holy Orders).
J. N. Heale (Holy Orders).

I am not sure about the order in College of the three last. Disposal: Holy Orders, 4; army, 1; barrister, 1; Civil Service, 3; Judge, 1; coffee-planter, 1.

During the election days we—*i.e.*, the Queen's Scholars and the minor candidates who were left at the school after the other town boys had gone home —had the run of the College gardens. There various games were played.

A swing was arranged between two tall elm-trees near Abbot Litlington's old wall, next to Great College Street, built about 1362. The ropes were long and strong, there was a stout bar for a seat, and a drag-rope attached to the seat; one or sometimes two minor candidates sat on the seat, the Queen's Scholars got hold of the drag-rope, ran out till all was at full stretch, and then let go. It was the best swing I ever saw. We also played rounders.

We minor candidates were also made to race, arm-in-arm, with inside legs tied together, and were generally put through many involuntary sports for the amusement of the collegers.

Another sport which took place up school was the tossing of us poor little mortals in a blanket, or, rather, in blankets, for I think three were used, one under the other, to give strength; the edges were rolled inwards to get a good hold. Twelve to fifteen collegers got hold, a minor candidate was chucked into the blanket, each in his turn, and tossed to the iron bar over which the pancake is thrown, to the following tune, sung by the tossers, in Latin,

Ibis ab excusso,	Thou shalt go to the stars,
Missus ad astra sago,	Sent by a shaken blanket,

commencing with a slack blanket.

Ibis ab	Blanket tautened and then slacked;
ex-cus-	The same;
so,	Blanket full stretch—boy up 6 feet or so;
Missus ad	Blanket tautened and then slacked;
astra sa. . .	The same;

and on the final *go*, blanket at full stretch, with a jerk and away you went 'to the stars.'

One boy caught at the rim of the blanket, and was sent flying out sideways, hurt a little, but his own fault: all you had to do was sit still, with your hands clasped round your knees, and hold on so, trying to save your head from the bar at the final toss.

They afterwards put in two boys together; they fought in the air for who should fall on the top. This was not so pleasant.

During these three days the 'min. cans.' were at some period admitted into College hall, but for what purpose I cannot remember. Either we had 'bevers' —*i.e.*, refreshment of some kind—or were simply introduced to it as a part of future College life. I do not think that we had our regular meals there.

We 'min. cans.' manned a heavy four on the river for that half, till Whitsuntide holidays.

An event which occurred at the chairing of the boy who got head into College in 1855 (C. L. Shadwell, I think, was his name) had a disastrous effect on the Westminster career of one of my friends, although proving a blessing to him in disguise.

My great friend Lewis Vaughan-Williams, fourth



CHAIRING THE FUTURE CAPTAIN—"A DEAD CUT."

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son of the Judge, had a younger brother, Watty, lately come to the school. Watty was in the Fourth Form, under Lloyd; Lewis imagined, or believed, that Lloyd had a spite against Watty, and did not give him a fair chance. He therefore got up a conspiracy to cut Lloyd at the chairing—*i.e.*, to pass by his house without calling. About six of us were engaged in it; I was one. The plan was to let the ladder be carried round the cloisters, and along the bottom of Great Dean's Yard, till we came to Scott's boarding-house, where Lloyd lived; then we were to trip up the boys who were under the ladder, take their places, and run the ladder, with the future captain in the chair, past the house. The house had a double flight of steps up and down, with landing at the top, like the steps at the under-master's. Lewis and I were to trip up the leaders—he was on the house side—the other conspirators were to trip up the carriers in the centre and in the rear. We all ousted our men except Lewis; but we could not keep the head of the ladder away: other boys, either friends of Lloyd's or not knowing what was afoot, shoved that way, and the head of the ladder was worked halfway up the steps.

Lewis, being free, ran up the steps, and, standing close to Lloyd, who had by this time come out, shoved downwards against the ladder. We at last got its head back, and with a wild cheer away we went with it, leaving poor Lloyd standing on his own doorstep unvisited and 'cut.' We ran round Great Dean's Yard, called on Mr. Hose on the terrace, and so completed our round by calls in Little Dean's Yard. Unluckily,

Liddell was looking out of his window, saw the disturbance, and sent across to ascertain the cause. Lewis Williams was reported as the leader of the riot; no other name came out.

As a punishment, Lewis was kept off the water for the rest of the half, had to report himself to the captain in College, and produce various imposes of 100 lines at stated times. Lewis was a Queen's Scholar, and then in the 'third election.'

On the following Saturday I was out at my aunt's, Mrs. Wickham's, in Chesterfield Street, when Lewis was announced. He told me that he could not stand his punishment, and had departed. I advised him to go straight down to Tanherst, near Dorking, where his father, the Judge, lived, and tell him all that had occurred; he did so. Those were Crimean days, commissions were easy to get, and in a month's time he was an Ensign in the Rifle Brigade. He became Adjutant of the 1st Battalion in Canada, left the army on account of ill-health, and died in 1867.

I said it was a blessing to Williams in disguise: by leaving then he joined the Rifle Brigade at once.

I, on the contrary, hung on at Westminster till the following Christmas, passed my examinations for the army, and also joined the Rifle Brigade, on March 6, 1856, when I found Williams Senior Ensign, a position which it took me two or three years to attain, owing to the slow rate of promotion when the war was over. If I had been expelled, or taken French leave

and departed, as Williams did, I should have had a far quicker run of promotion in the army.

Watty Williams, a barrister and an author, died in 1890.

C. L. Shadwell, the unfortunate occupier of the chair, must have had an uneasy ride. He also became a barrister, and I hope he may be amused at this story of his youth.

CHAPTER XVI

PUNISHMENTS, ETC.

Code of honour—Owning up—Between masters and boys—Amongst the boys themselves—Tannings—Tannings up school—'Handings'—The library—Impositions—Smoking—Cheek—Tanning up College.

And now as to sundry laws and customs which formed a very important part of the life of a Westminster boy.

Our code of honour was perhaps peculiar. If put upon your honour, that was sufficient—you were bound by it; or when there was a question of 'Who did it?' and there was a danger of another boy suffering for your offence, then of course you had to come forward, and, as the Yankees say, 'own up,' and woe betide you if you did not speak out! But in connection with work in school, at all events in the lower forms, it was always war between the masters and the boys; any amount of humbugging of a master was considered fair. If he caught you, then he punished you with an impos., or sent you up for a 'handing,' a five-cutter or a six-cutter, from the Headmaster, on the back of the hand, with a birch-rod.

But between ourselves the code of honour was much stricter, and the punishment infinitely more

serious than any inflicted by the authorities: this was a 'tanning up school.'

A 'tanning' meant a licking of any kind—between boy and boy, or boy and 'ski,' or between fag-master and fag. All these were tannings, but a tanning up school was a thing by itself.

It was never inflicted without very careful inquiry into the offence, and generally for one of two kinds of offences:

First, for offences against the discipline of the school, especially any trespass against the rights and privileges of the Sixth Form (not slight offences, such as smoking, wearing a tall hat, shirking fagging, etc.; for these you would be tanned, without more ado, by the Sixth Form boy whom you aggrieved). But for striking a senior or Sixth Form town boy, for refusing to fag, or anything affecting the rights of your elders, the tanning up school, or sometimes up College, was reserved.

Secondly, for any offence of a blackguard nature—breaking your word, allowing another to suffer for your offence, cheating at cards, etc.

The tanning took place up school, and it was administered with the butt-end of a rod upon the backs of the boy's legs. The rod handle was hard and stiff, and bound with laps of string, at about an inch apart. Few boys risked a second tanning up school.

A tanning for the first description of offence was amongst your schoolmates looked upon as rather a feather in your cap; you were considered as a martyr, as a bold breaker of the laws. But a tanning for the

second class of offence stamped a boy, and was a disgrace, and one very hard for him to live down.

And now as to the masters' punishment — for ordinary offences, such as failure to prepare your lessons, late for school, inattention, cheek, etc. Your form master would tell you to stand out in the middle of school for 'sending up'; being 'sent up' meant to the Headmaster for a 'handing.'

When Liddell came up from the library, he generally walked up to his chair at the top of school.

Your master then sent for a monitor; the monitor took a rod from the drawer, came across, and was informed of the offence committed. The monitor beckoned to you, and you followed him up to Liddell's table. In my time you walked; in Williamson's days all movements in school were at the run, except for seniors, Sixth Form, and perhaps the Shell. The monitor reported the offence: there was little or no parley; you stood up with your back to Liddell, facing down school, and held out a hand at arm's length, back of the hand up. Liddell took the rod, threw the sleeve of his gown back off his right arm, and gave you four, five, or six cuts, as he thought you deserved. The oftener you were sent up, the more liberal he was. He then flung the rod, with a fine free swing of the arm, down the school; a junior came out, caught up the tail of his gown in his hand, picked up the rod without touching it, and replaced it in the rod drawer. You then returned smiling to your form.

Oh those 'handings' on a winter's morning, with your hands all chapped to start with! I once went home

with my hands in an awful mess from chaps and frequent well-deserved 'handings.' My father took me upstairs, thoroughly washed my hands with hot water, soap, and a hard nail-brush; he then tallowed them well, and made me put on a pair of kid gloves. I kept them on for two days, and my hands were then entirely recovered, cuts gone, and skin soft and white.

When you knew you were in for it, the only thing was to sit on the hand that you intended to produce, or keep it in your pocket to get it warm.

Then, during the operation, you took care to keep your thumb out of the way, presenting the other edge of your hand nearest to the striker, and taking the stroke on the edge of your hand; this kept your thumb safe. The twigs curled over a little and cut your hand a bit. I once tried turning my hand over, taking it inside, but that was more painful. When following the monitor up, if you wished to present the left hand, you kept to his left, so as to be on Liddell's right, or *vice versâ*. It was the fashion to smile when receiving, as if you rather liked it. I never heard a boy make any exclamation. From constant practice I was rather good at taking 'handings.' The undermaster had also the right of flogging on the hand, for Under School only. An Under School boy brought the rod and took it back to the rod drawer.

As to the punishment with the birch upon the person I know little. The culprit was accompanied to the library by another boy, who was told off as 'taker-up,' and held the culprit by the hands, passed over the 'taker-up's' shoulders from behind, the

culprit's person being partly bared to receive the five or six strokes which were given with the rod.

This punishment was only given for very serious offences, and I had no experience of it, either as culprit or 'taker-up.'

Of course, the most serious punishment was expulsion.

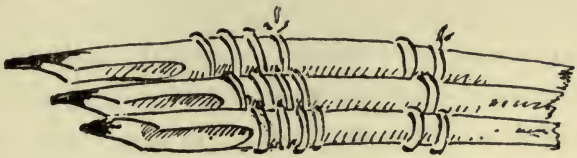
Other punishments were: being 'kept in' on Saturday and Sunday, being 'kept off' the water, and impositions.

Impositions, or 'imposes,' were a hateful punishment. I had about ten lines of Virgil which I could write mechanically, in a sort of galloping hand, one word running into another, and letters only distinguishable when above or below the rest; I could write 100 lines in this manner in about ten minutes. You wrote your 'imposes' on small square sheets of paper called 'quarterns,' and handed them to the master up school; he never looked at them, but placed them beside him on his desk. If other boys were also handing in, you passed behind the master's chair and quietly picked up your sheet again, ready for the next occasion.

These 'imposes' quite ruined one's handwriting, the worst form being the writing out of pages from the Greek grammar, the examples being written, or rather printed, in the Greek characters. After fifty years, I still always print my small *a* like a Greek alpha (thus, *α*).

We also made what we called 'coaches'—*i.e.*, two or three pens tightly bound together with thread or silk, one above the other, at a certain angle. With a 'coach' you could write the same line twice or three times at once; but this constant repetition of the same

lines never gave the genuine effect that ten or a dozen different lines, even when often repeated would give.



a Cane

I have mentioned smoking. I was about seventeen years in the army, and during that time smoked no pipes, and only three cigars—two on the stage, and one in a foot-race over hurdles for what they called 'cheroot stakes.' I never cared for it, and yet when at Westminster, where it was against the laws, and also 'cheek,' to smoke, and I was liable to be licked for it by both Liddell and the Sixth, I was always smoking, down in the bottom of a barge in the daytime, or on the ridge of the roof, with my back to a chimney-stack, at night: the last a grand place, with a hot flue to keep you warm at your back, and a view all over London, except where intercepted by the Abbey. It was a grand place for seeing fires, and I can well remember a tremendous fire at Broadwood's Pianoforte Works, on the road up to Vincent Square, where piles of seasoned mahogany were burnt. The loss of this timber must have been very serious to a firm in that trade. I do not think that I was ever caught smoking or licked for it. I gave it up as soon as I got into the Shell. I quite approve of any amount of licking for smoking, more

especially for cigarette-smoking, a form of the vice unknown in those days.

One other subject must be included in this chapter and that is 'cheek.'

The meaning of 'cheek' was, in the first place, impertinence to seniors or Sixth Form, or even, in a certain degree, to the Shell; but the word 'cheek' covered a good deal of ground besides this. It was 'cheek' to smoke, it was 'cheek' to wear a hat anywhere within school precincts, or, in fact, in bounds, with the one exception of when *en route* for 'fields,' and perhaps, in the older days, when we ran across St. Margaret's Churchyard to the baths at Lambeth. It was, for some unknown reason, intense 'cheek' to walk from the bottom of Great College Street to Poets' Corner along the left side-walk. It was 'cheek' to wear any form of straw hat or cap, either in 'green,' or at 'fields,' or on 'water,' unless you were in the eleven or in the first or second eight. It was also 'cheek' to break any of the unwritten laws affecting the many privileges of the seniors and the Sixth Form. Of all these things every boy was supposed to be aware; ignorance was no excuse. I believe the instruction in these matters formed one of the duties of one's 'substance.'

Personally, I was never 'tanned up school,' but have seen tannings inflicted—at all events, on one occasion; but I had experience of a tanning up College in my early days, inflicted with a cane, either by R. A. Cooke or T. F. B. Connell, both seniors when I joined. The tanning was my due, as I had been guilty of slipping away when told off as ball-fag at wire racquets.

There was very little intentional bullying at Westminster—*i.e.*, bullying for bullying's sake—but I remember one thing of this nature. One was told to spread out the thumb and fingers of one's hand, laid palm down on a table; the bully then took a pen, or sometimes a penknife, and practised dabbing the point between each finger in succession. Some boys were very good at it, and would dab backwards and forwards several times, but it always ended with a dab into a finger.

CHAPTER XVII

SCRAPES AND ESCAPADES

Turle's chimney—Our 'club'—Want of gymnasium—The Judge's stables—The coal-cart—The ferret—A 'night out.'

And now for a few scrapes and adventures, in most of which I took my part.

The old Dean, Buckland, had a son, the well-known naturalist. The son had a monkey. One day it was reported to have got loose, and to be on the rampage, on the roofs of the cloisters, the school, and the houses of the various Prebends and dignitaries of the Abbey.

E. L. Burton—commonly called Nosey, after his leading feature, and to distinguish him from Bob of that name—and I determined to try and catch the monkey. First we bought a coil of rope to tie him up when caught, forgetful of the old proverb about the chickens. We started one afternoon, climbing on the roof of the school offices, inside the school doors, on the right (now swept away), then over the school arch, over the double roof of Turle's drawing-room, and on to a lower roof over the cloisters arch.

Here we were stuck fast—brick walls all round which we could not climb. Luckily, we had our coil of rope.

We dug a half-brick out of the wall, tied it to the end of our rope, and threw it round a tall chimney on Turle's roof. The brick rolled down the tile roof, making a bight round the chimney; we slacked off the other end till the brick came sliding down to us. Burton held one end; I took the other, and began walking up the wall, going hand over hand up the rope, and leaning well back. Suddenly all the upper part of the chimney collapsed: bricks, mortar, and I came rumbling down together, the shaft of the chimney mostly falling inside, into one of Turle's bedrooms. Luckily, neither of us was hurt; our rope still held round the stump of the chimney. We knew we should be spotted if we began climbing down, so 'forward' was the word. We climbed up the débris by means of our rope, hauled it up after us, and away we went—on to the gutter of the school roof, along nearly as far as the Abbey, round the top of the cloisters, etc.—but nothing could we see of the monkey.

We hung about on the roof till dark, and then slipped down (as we thought, unperceived) by the way that we had come. But next morning up school a monitor came across: 'Mr. Weare wishes to see Markham and Burton'; and over to him we had to go. Then came the usual 'Now, my dear boys,' etc., and the pencil work under the arm. We pleaded that the monkey was a public nuisance, that we had done our best for the good of that public, and that, as for the chimney, it was a standing disgrace for Turle to keep such a chimney, etc. As usual, dear old Weare admonished us and let us go, but in my bill for that

half appeared an item: 'Share of rebuilding Mr. Turle's chimney, £5.'

During my time some alterations were taking place in Great Dean's Yard, and some old dwelling-houses near the archway into the Sanctuary were in process of demolition. All their fittings were removed, and hoardings were put up round them, but there the houses remained.

Two or three of us made a burglarious entrance therein one dark evening, found a fire-grate in place, tore up bits of flooring, collected odd bits of coal from the cellar, lit a fire, collected odds and ends of old tables and chairs, and made ourselves as comfortable as we could.

Here we spent many pleasant winter afternoons—taking candles with us, and closing all shutters before we lighted candles or fire—cooking, playing whist, etc., always with a pleasant feeling that we were breaking the laws of the land and were liable to all manner of penalties.

Our only danger was the smoke from the chimney. We were never discovered. We called it our 'club.'

I think that the want of a gymnasium in those days was a great incentive to mischief.

There was no place for us to go to on wet days. Of course, one might take a Virgil or Homer (there was one boy, W. F. Spencer, 'up Grant's' with me, who, when he came to Westminster, read Homer for his amusement), and walk up and down in the cloisters, studying the text or declaiming the verses to the sparrows; or you might go down to the barges, take

possession of a bargee's cabin, and smoke there; or even put in a pleasant half-hour at Mother Shotton's, with a round of Stilton cheese and a plate of pickled onions between you and a friend, to be prodded for alternately; but all these amusements failed to please: what we wanted was exercise and a gymnasium.

I congratulate the present Westminsters on their new possession.

On wet days, in the afternoon, a certain party of us used to slip out by Great Dean's Yard arch, and go up to Judge Williams's stables, near his house in Queen Anne Street; there we had a little room, where we played our rubber of whist or other game comfortably. Lewis Williams was our host; Grosvenor, M. Farquhar, Gray, and, I think, poor Bankes, made up the party. This, I think, was before we discovered our club-house in the dilapidated building in Great Dean's Yard.

Another thing which occurred in Dean's Yard. There was a boy at Westminster named Hawes, a son of Sir Benjamin Hawes, who was, I believe, at that time Under-Secretary of State for War. The son boarded at home.

This boy did one of the cheekiest things that I remember. Coming out from Little Dean's Yard, he found a cart full of coals standing just outside the arch. The coal-heaver was away getting a drink. Hawes backed the cart through the arch to Liddell's little side-door, from which he came out to go up school; then he tilted the cart up, and upset the coals against the door, blocking it up. He then

got into the cart and proceeded to drive round 'green.'

I cannot remember that he was found out or punished for it. He was a little, sharp-witted fellow with a good musical ear, and after a Christmas pantomime could whistle all the tunes that he had heard sung.

This archway used to have heavy old doors shut back against the wall on either side, and never closed. I notice that these doors are now gone, and that the archway on the Great Dean's Yard side is much narrower and lower than at the other end, although I cannot discern any new work. I do not think that a coal-cart could now be backed through the arch.

Before one winter holidays I thought that a ferret of my own would be a nice companion to take home with me. I had heard of a dog-fancier, who lived, I think, in Great Pie Street, or some slum in that neighbourhood, out of bounds; a boy called Foster and I went to hunt him up.

We found the house in a very disreputable-looking back-street; the door was opened by a square-built fellow in velveteen, who looked like a broken-down keeper. He said he had just the thing for us. He let us in, fastened up the door, and led us through the house to a back-yard. The yard was simply a pond full of sewage about a foot deep, and smelt awfully. In the centre was placed a chair with no back, with a plank to it from the back-door, and another plank from the chair to some two-storied outbuildings beyond, from whence proceeded barks and yelpings of all kinds. We did not like the looks of it, but were too proud to



Buying the Ferret, in Great Pie Street.

turn back, and followed our guide across, then up a ladder to a long low loft, along both sides of which were arranged a number of dogs, tearing at their chains.

You had to 'gang warily' to keep clear of them. At the far end the ferret was produced; we thought it looked very old and dilapidated, but he said, 'Ah, my little gentlemen, just you see it with a rat!' He then collected an old brass parrot's-cage and a rat; he put the rat inside, which immediately climbed up to the top, and hung on there. The ferret was then introduced, but would take no manner of notice of the rat, and I believe it was quite blind. We declined to purchase, whereupon he began to bully, pointing out that if he upset one of his planks we couldn't get out. He also suggested that if 'that there bulldog' happened to get loose we should have a bad time, etc., till, finally, I had to produce two highly-valued half-crowns, which went into his greasy pocket, and he then allowed us to depart. We could not report it to the police, for we were out of bounds.

The following adventure in the shape of a 'night out' (have I not seen a play with that name?) occurred one very hot summer—I think in 1852.

Minto Farquhar and I were about of the same age —say fourteen—and at that time slept in a room 'up Grant's,' at the back of the house, with a lookout down Grant's yard, and also down Weare's garden on our left.

For two or three nights running there had been a great amount of sheet-lightning, flash after flash

following sometimes incessantly. This had kept us awake. The night was very hot, and after going up to our room at nine o'clock we had undressed, and stood leaning out of the open window in our night-shirts. We noticed the door at the bottom of Weare's garden, and the idea occurred to us that, if it happened to be open, we might get out that way and have a run up town.

No sooner thought of than attempted. We dressed in our 'up town' clothes, took our boots in our hands, and stole quietly downstairs. Everybody was by this time—10 p.m.—in bed.

We climbed over the wall, and found the door on the latch. We slipped through into Great College Street, and then partly closed the door, ready to return by. It had a spring latch, with only a keyhole for a latch-key on the outside, so we left it slightly ajar. So far so good. What next? We decided to cut in for the finish at the Adelphi Theatre, and off we went. On arriving there, we found the audience pouring out; we had misjudged our time. In a correct 'night out,' after theatre comes supper, so we went to some supper-rooms in the Strand, had supper, and then, after each lighting a cigar, we started to stroll about. By this time it was about midnight, and we soon got very tired, and sat ourselves down on the steps of the Board of Trade. Here we were interviewed by various persons from time to time, finally by a policeman, whose inquiries soon grew very pertinacious. He asked: 'Where do you live?' We suggested 'Grosvenor Square' (the first place we could think of). He

then said: 'Come along with me, and I will see you home.' He took us by our arms, one on the right and one on the left, and marched us off up Parliament Street. We went along like lambs till we got to the corner turning to Drummond's Bank. Here we tipped one another a wink, broke away from him, and ran off down Spring Gardens and up into Pall Mall, dodged in and out, up Haymarket, across Regent Street, St. James's Square, and so up into Piccadilly, and away to Apsley House—this all at a sharp run, and expecting to be grabbed every moment by the policeman. He was not in sight, so we slowed down, and walked back to Westminster by the low side of St. James's Park and the Birdcage Walk. By this time we were about sick of our 'night out,' so made our way round to Great College Street and Weare's back-door.

Imagine our dismay when we found it closed! Some officious policeman, or perhaps Weare out late, must have shut it to.

What were we to do now? Try and get into Dean's Yard, by those half-pulled-down houses at the low end. They were only separated by a hoarding from the Little Sanctuary. We went round there, and knocked a board off. Farquhar, who was the thinner, squeezed through, and was immediately collared by Old Fairy—surname, I believe, Mentor or Minton—the Dean and Chapter policeman.

I was so tired of the 'night out' that I had not energy to bolt, and squeezed through after him.

Then we were questioned again. 'Who are you?'

We said, 'The sons of Canon ——' (the first we thought of, and, as it happened, an old bachelor). He let us go. We went into Little Dean's Yard, and tried small pebbles at some of the fellows' windows; but no one looked out except Bankes, and he for some reason made no attempt to open the door. We then crept under the steps and tried to get in by a window there, but that was fast wired up. We then retired to the cloisters, and hung about, very cold and miserable, till Stoker came at about 5.30 a.m. to light the school fires. He took pity on us, and allowed us to sit by the fire in his stoke-hole till the housemaid opened the door 'up Grant's,' and we then stole in upstairs and to bed.

Who sneaked on us? I know not; but about a day after we were told to attend at the Headmaster's house after school. We determined to make a clean breast of it.

He had us in separately. I told him all from end to end. He looked rather amused at times, but finally said: 'This cannot be passed over without heavy punishment.' I thought I was going to be expelled, but was relieved when I heard the sentence, 'Kept in' and 'kept off the water' for the rest of the half—it only wanted about three weeks to the holidays. Minto, I think, must have been more reserved as to our doings, or perhaps he had previous offences scored against him, for he had lines to send in as well.

Minto Farquhar was the son of Sir Minto Farquhar. His elder brother, Eric, succeeded to the baronetcy, died young, and was succeeded by Sir Minto, and then

by Sir John, both at school at Westminster. Both these died as comparatively young men, and the title passed to a fourth brother. Johnny Farquhar served in the 7th Light Bengal Cavalry throughout the Mutiny, and became Captain in the 20th Hussars. Minto was coxswain of the eight, and Johnny won the Silver Pair-Oar Goblets, rowing with me in 1854.

CHAPTER XVIII

HISTORICAL

Widmore's 'Westminster Abbey'—Masters and under-masters—St. Ingulphus—Stow's 'Survey of London'—Pepys's 'Diary'—Sir Clements Markham's notes—Changes since my time—Finis

And now, like everyone else who has written on the subject of Westminster School, I must, in conclusion, ask the reader's patience whilst I dip into the question of the origin and antiquity of the school. My notes on the subject are chiefly culled from another old book of Dr. Markham's, by Richard Widmore, M.A., librarian of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, published in 1743, and printed for John Stagg, in Westminster Hall, at the price of one shilling (very cheap at the price). The book is entitled 'An Enquiry into the Time of the First Foundation of Westminster Abbey, as discoverable from the Best Authorities now remaining, both Printed and Manuscript, to which is added an Account of the Writers of the History of the Church.'

I will give some extracts affecting the school:

P. 121: Henry VII., in Dean Islip's time, not long after the time when Henry VII.'s Chapel was begun

(1502-1503), 'gave several estates to the monastery for the following purposes, viz., for the maintenance of three additional monks to serve in this chapel; of two lay brothers, and three students to the University, likewise additional,' etc.

P. 130, in describing the foundation of a bishopric at Westminster by King Henry VIII. after the Reformation, the author finishes thus: 'In other points, particularly in two masters and forty grammar-scholars, it differed not from the present foundation of Queen Elizabeth.'

P. 130 (later): 'By Ingulphus's "History of Crowland" (see pp. 62 and 73) it appears that there was a school in this place in the time of King Edward the Confessor.' (See quotation from Stow, p. 221.)

'William Fitz Stephens, who belonged to the family of Thomas Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, and wrote his life, describing London, says that "the three chief churches there had noted schools belonging to them."

'These Stow, following the opinion of antiquaries of his time, makes to be St. Paul's, Westminster, and St. Peter's, Cornhill: but it not being plain that Westminster was designed to be included in that description of London, it is more probable that the other two, beside St. Paul's, were Bow Church and St. Martin's-le-Grand.'

'From the latter part of the reign of King Edward III. down to the dissolution of the Abbey, a salary was paid by the almoner of the convent to a schoolmaster, who in the accounts of that office, as

"magister scholarium pro eruditione puerorum grammaticorum," is plainly distinguished from the person who taught the children of the choir to sing.

'It appears, from a draught remaining for this establishment of King Henry VIII., that a school was here settled by him as it now is. The like was done at Canterbury and at Worcester, and at most, if not all, the other places where that King turned an house of monks into a Dean and Chapter. Queen Elizabeth, the last foundress, did only continue her father's appointment. That Princess made indeed a statute, ordering the manner in which scholars were to be elected upon the foundation of this school, and from thence to a college in each of the two Universities, as likewise the number to be removed every year. Against this part of the order both the Deans of Christ Church and the Masters of Trinity College struggled for a long while, but without good reason, some supposed advantage to such places from another scheme being not to be set against the express direction of the founders: they were at length obliged to acquiesce. To gratify such as are curious to know the masters under whom so many great men, both in the Church and the State, have been formed, I have added their names in the appendix.' (See Appendix No. XVII., p. 218.)

P. 139: *Temp.* Queen Elizabeth—Westminster a collegiate church: 'The monastery being thus again suppressed, the Queen made a new foundation here of a collegiate church, in which form it still happily

subsists. . . . This foundation differed but little from that of King Henry VIII.: a Dean, and the same number of Prebendaries; a school, with a chief and an under-master, and the same number of scholars. . . . The charter bears date May 21, 1560.'

P. 140: 'Wm. Bill was the first Dean . . . by his will he gave some plate to the College, and some furniture to the scholars' beds.'

P. 142: 'His successor, Gabriel Goodman, being also Prebendary of Chiswick, procured to have this church settled the perpetual tenant of the estate of that prebend, that in case of any pestilential or epidemical sickness there might be a place in the neighbourhood for some of the Chapter, with the masters of the school and the scholars of the foundation, to retire to. . . . He had some dispute with the Deans of Christ Church and the Masters of Trinity College about the number of scholars to be elected from this school.'

P. 144: 'Lancelot Andrews was the next Dean, 1601. We are told that he was particularly careful of the improvement of the scholars; that he often supplied the place of the masters for a whole week together; that he caused their exercises to be brought to him; that he never went to Cheswick without two scholars with him; that he frequently sent for the uppermost scholars, and spent whole evenings in instructing them; and that he did all this in a very strict and exact, though a mild and tender manner.'

P. 151: 'John Williams Dean, 1620. . . . Besides this, finding in the east part of the cloysters a large empty room (the monks' parlour while the place was a monastery), he converted it into a library: the fitting this up and furnishing it with books is said to have cost him £2,000. . . . In April, 1624, he added a perpetual benefaction of £27 13s. 4d. yearly for four scholars known by purple gowns, and to be removed hence to the place of his own education, St. John's College in Cambridge, where he made, or intended to make, a further provision for them of scholarships, fellowships, and the advowsons of livings.'

P. 168: 'Dr. Francis Atterbury Dean, June, 1713. . . . The most publick thing done here in his time was the erecting of a new dormitory, a large and elegant building, for the scholars of the foundation. . . . Sir Edward Hannes, one of the physicians in ordinary to Queen Anne, left by will £1,000, the late King £1,000, his present Majesty, then Prince of Wales, £500. A noble Earl did the church the honour to give them the model, and survey the building. The charge according to the estimate exceeded £5,000 . . . the interest (on money already given) arose to £300 more, the Parliament directed £1,200 to be applied this way; and Wm. Maurice, Esq., gave £500. . . . Whether there were any more benefactions I have not heard.'

P. 214: 'Appendix No. XIII. "An ordinance of the Lords and Commons," etc., "for the better ordering, directing, and disposing of the rents, issues, and profits belonging to the College and Collegiate Church of

Westminster . . . . Die Martis 18, Novembr 1645. Whereas,"' etc. (to p. 216).

P. 216 : '"And be it further ordained that the said committee or any seven or more of them, together with the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and the Master of the said school in Westminster, shall hereby have the like power to elect and chuse scholars into the said school, and thence to Trinity College in Cambridge aforesaid, and to Christ Church in Oxon, as by the statutes of the said College of Westminster was invested in the Deans of Westminster and Christ Church, the Masters of Trinity College and Westminster School aforesaid. . . . H. ELSYNGE, *Cler. Parl. D. Com.*"'

N.B. : The Deans of Westminster and of Christ Church appear to have become delinquents, absenting themselves from their offices and places, or to have not taken the Covenant, and by this ordinance were suspended for three years. H. Elsinge was clerk to the House of Commons before Scobell, who was clerk in 1659 (see Pepys's 'Diary').

P. 218 : 'Appendix No. XV. "A memorial to his Majesty for building a new dormitory for the King's Scholars. (December 8, 1718.)

'"The Bishop of Rochester, Dean of Westminster, and the Chapter of that church, humbly represent to your Majesty that Queen Elizabeth, of glorious memory, founded the College of Westminster, which has in all times since been highly favoured by your Majesty's royal ancestors, and has bred up great

numbers of men useful both in Church and State; among whom are several who have the honour at present to serve your Majesty in high stations. That the dormitory of the said college is in so ruinous a condition that it must be forthwith rebuilt; the expense of which building (besides other charges that may thereby be occasioned) will, according to the plan now humbly presented to your Majesty, amount to upwards of five thousand pounds.

'"As a foundation for the raising of this summe, a legacy has been left by one who was a member of this college; and there is good reason to believe, that divers persons of quality, who owe their education to this place, may be disposed to favour this design, if they shall be incited by your Majesty's royal example.

'"The said Bishop and Chapter therefore humbly hope that your Majesty will, as an encouragement to learning, be pleased to bestow your royal bounty on this occasion, in such measure as to your Majesty's high wisdom shall seem proper."'

N.B.: The 'one who was a member of this college,' and who had left a legacy, seems to have been Sir Edward Hannes, Knight. And in answer to this appeal the King, George I., gave £1,000 to this good object.

'P. 227: 'Appendix No. XVII.:

'N.B.—The following names, except one or two, are taken from the accounts of the treasurers of the church, or the vouchers of those accounts, or old Chapter books.'

THE NAMES AND TIMES OF THE MASTERS OF WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

Head Masters.	*Second Masters.*
1540. John Adams.	1540. Odnell Hayborne. 1543.
1543. Alexand Nowell. 1553.	1551. Edward Cratford. 1552.
1555. Nicholas Udall. 1556.	1556. Thomas Nott.
John Passey. (At the latter part of Queen Mary's or beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, or between Nowell and Udall, viz., 1553 and 1555.)	Richard Spencer,
1563. John Randall.	1563. . . . Randall.
1564. Thomas Brown. 1569.	1564. Thomas Alleyn. 1567.
1570. Francis Howlyn. 1571.	1568. John Prise. 1571.
1572. Edward Graunte. 1592.	1572. . . . Frobisher.
1593. William Camden. 1598.	1573. John Graunte.
1599. Richard Ireland. 1610.	1574. Thomas Atkinson.
1610. John Wilson. 1622.	1575. William Camden. 1593.
1622. Lambert Osbolstone. 1638.	1593. . . . Middleton. 1610.
1638. Richard Busby. 1695.	1610. Thomas Hardinge. 1624.
1695. Thomas Knipe. 1711.	1624. William Pritchard. 1630.
1711. Robert Friend. 1732.	1631. John Jordan. 1639.
1732. John Nicoll.	1642. George Croyden. 1643.
	1645. Thomas Vincent. 1656.
	1656. Edward Bagshaw. 1658.
	1658. Adam Littleton. 1661.
	1661. William James. 1663.
	1663. Thomas Knipe. 1695.
	1695. Michael Maittaire. 1699.
	1699. Robert Freind. 1711.
	1711. George Tollett. 1713.
	1714. John Nicoll. 1732.
	1732. James Johnson. 1748.
	1748. Peirson Lloyd.

'From the accounts of the Churchwardens of St. Margaret's, Westminster, 1628: "To Richard Busby, by consent of Vestry, towards enabling him to proceed Bachelor of Arts, *vl.*'

'1631: "To Richard Busby, a King's Scholar of Westminster, towards enabling him to proceed Master of Arts at Oxon, by the consent of the Vestry, *vil.* xiii*s.* iiii*d.*"'

This is the pith of what I can find respecting the old school in Richard Widmore's shilling's-worth.

On analysis of the list of under-masters, it will be seen that William Camden, Thomas Knipe, Robert Friend (or Freind), and John Nicoll, rose from under-master to 'Chief,' or Headmaster.

William Camden is, of course, the well-known herald and antiquary. Michael Maittaire was the editor of a number of miniature editions of various classics.

Richard Busby appears to have been Headmaster for fifty-seven years, expending in that time seven or eight under-masters.

The 'Chiswicks' (mentioned at p. 34) remained in use as arranged by Dean Goodman till about Dr. Markham's time, 1760, when the place, or, rather, the lease of it, was sold, the money going towards the building of the so-called 'Chiswicks' 'up Grant's.' I think that there were studies 'up Rigaud's' also called 'Chiswicks.'

The mention of the founding of the 'Bishop's boys' by Dean Williams is very interesting. I believe they were abolished in 1847, when Dr. Liddell became Headmaster, so far as their purple gowns were concerned, although the 'elections' were continued till 1872, when the foundation, worth about £72 per

annum, was merged in the general exhibition fund of the school.

I have searched through Stow's 'Survey of London,' but can find little mention of Westminster School. In his description of Westminster he says: 'But the said John Feckenham (late Dean of St. Paul's) with his monks enjoyed not that place fully three years, for in the year 1559, in the month of July, they were all put out, and Queen Elizabeth made the said monastery a college, instituting there a Dean, twelve Prebends, a Schoolmaster, and usher, forty scholars, twelve almsmen, and so it was named the Collegiate Church of Westminster, founded by Queen Elizabeth, who placed Dr. Bill first Dean of that new erection, after whom succeeded Doctor Gabriel Goodman, who governed that church forty years, and after Doctor Lancelot Andrewes.'

I also find these words, speaking of Edward the Confessor: 'The said King had his palace at Westminster, and for the most part remained there, where he also ended his life, and was buried in the monastery which he had built.'

Stow also, in his chapter of 'Schools and other Houses of Learning,' quotes from Ingulphus, Abbot of Croyland, as follows:

'"I, Ingulphus, an humble servant of God, born of English parents, in the most beautiful city of London, for to attain to learning was first put to Westminster, and afterwards to study at Oxford." . . . And, writing in praise of Queen Elgitha, wife of Edward the Confessor, Ingulphus saith: "I have seen her,"

saith he, "often when, being a boy, I came to see my father dwelling in the King's Court, and often when coming from school; when I met her, she would oppose me, touching my learning and lesson; and falling from Grammar to Logic, wherein she had some knowledge, she would subtilly conclude an argument with me, and by her handmaid give me three or four pieces of money, and send me to the palace, where I should receive some victuals, and then be dismissed." '

N.B.: A douche of cold water has been thrown on this legend of St. Ingulphus, as I believe his supposed chronicle has been proved to be a forgery. It is a pity, for the story is a pretty one, and is prettily told.

Further on Stow himself writes:

'As for the meetings of the schoolmasters on festival days, at festival churches, and the disputing of their scholars logically . . . the same was long since discontinued; but the arguing of the schoolboys about the principles of Grammar hath been continued even till our time; for I myself have, in my youth, yearly seen, on the eve of St. Bartholomew the Apostle, the scholars of divers Grammar Schools repair into the churchyard of St. Bartholomew, the priory in Smithfield, where upon a bank, boarded about, under a tree, some one scholar hath stepped up, and there hath opposed and answered, till he were by better scholar overcome and put down, and then the overcomer, taking the place, did like as the first. And in the end the best opposers and answerers had rewards, which I observed not, but it made both good school-

masters, and also good scholars, diligently against such times to prepare themselves for the obtaining of this garland.

'I remember there repaired to these exercises, among others, the masters and scholars of the free schools of St. Paul's in London, of St. Peter's at Westminster, of St. Thomas Acon Hospital, and of St. Anthony's Hospital; whereof the last-named commonly presented the best scholars, and had the prize in those days.'

John Stow was born in 1525, and the time when Stow was 'in his youth' must have been up to about 1540; and as Queen Elizabeth came to the throne in 1558, this is a further fair proof that St. Peter's College at Westminster existed before her time.

I also find mention of these oppositions—which remind me much of the Westminster challenges—in the 'Diary' of Samuel Pepys, 1659 to 1669, not at Westminster, but at St. Paul's School, where Pepys was educated. Pepys writes on January 4, 1659: 'I rose up early this morning, and looked over my brother John's speech, which he is to make at the next opposition'; and on February 4, 1662-1663, he writes more fully: 'To St. Paul's School; it being opposition day there, I heard some of their speeches, and they were just as school-boys' used to be, of the seven liberal sciences, but I think not so good as ours were in our time.'

The only direct allusion to Westminster School in Pepys's 'Diary' is the following:

'May 3, 1667. To Westminster by coach, the

cofferer (Wm. Ashburnham) telling us odd stories, how he was dealt with by the men of the church at Westminster, in taking a lease of them at the King's coming in, and particularly the devilish covetousness of Doctor Busby.'

This seems to be in connection with what was formerly called Ashburnham House; there the Cottonian Library was at one time stored. A disastrous fire occurred there in 1731, destroying many treasures and injuring others.

Sir Clements Markham has kindly allowed me to make use of some notes made by him as to the antiquity of the school, as follows :

Old Documents in Archives.

A.D. 1284. Expensæ, Elymosyniæ, being provisions for the teaching of scholars.

A.D. 1318. The same.

A.D. 1339. Payments for Westminster School.

A.D. 1368 and 1370. Almoner's accounts.

A.D. 1545. Book of the erection of the King's new College.

Hence Westminster School existed in 1284. In 1339 there were scholars there, for John Payne was paid 9s. 8d. for scholars, viz., 'pro scholaribus inveniendis ad scholas.' In 1368 the Almoner made a payment for two poor scholars going to Oxford. From 1370 there are regular entries.

The earliest school-room was part of the Little Almonry, near the present junction of Great Smith

Street and Orchard Street. The boys were called 'grammatici.'

In 1443 the school was moved to the southern portion of what is now 'green' (Great Dean's Yard); it was called the Scholars House, and was at the end of the granary. The Master was at first one of the monks of the Abbey, but in 1434 the Headmaster was a married layman, John Newborough by name, and was granted a house. Masters and boys received gowns from the Abbey.

In the Act of Uniformity, 1662, the College of Westminster, owing to its greater antiquity, was placed before the Colleges of Eton and Winchester.

These notes of Sir Clements Markham, though not dating back to St. Ingulphus and the days of Queen Elgitha and Edward the Confessor, carry us back to the time of Edward I., who reigned from 1272 to 1307, and there is clear proof that Queen Elizabeth, although a great benefactress and reviver of the school, cannot be considered as the foundress of the College of St. Peter's. Nevertheless, I do not grudge to our good Queen Bess her arms over the archway and up school, or the special grace to her memory that is recited at prayers up school on 'early play' days.

The changes in connection with the school since my time have been many—some I cannot but think unnecessary, some, of course, of the utmost benefit to the school. No doubt the school before Dr. Liddell's time was at low ebb-tide in its fortunes, and many abuses had crept in which required a strong hand to

put down; the commencement of his reign, in 1846, was the signal for several changes. The old octagonal hearth in College hall and the purple gowns of the 'Bishop's boys' were the first things to disappear. The new studies up College were formed by the closing of the arches of the arcade of the dormitory. The race with Eton, too, was stopped at about the same time.

Some of these changes have been to the advantage of the school, modernizing it in accordance with the demands of the present day, adding much to the comfort of the boys out of school, and giving them when in school the benefit of the new class-rooms, in place of the rather desultory mode of carrying on instruction practised in the old school.

The things that I, personally, regret most are: First and foremost, the abolition of 'water,' which was the very keystone of my school-life; secondly, the old form of the general Pancake Grease; thirdly, the old custom of 'substance' and 'shadow'—the two last might well be revived; fourthly, the 'mills' in 'green'; fifthly, the chairing of the head 'min. can.'; lastly, the painting out of so many of the old names up school and elsewhere.

In conclusion, I hope that these few pages of my Westminster recollections may be the means of recalling some of these old customs to the memories of my old comrades at the school, and serve in some slight degree to remind them of the days when we were all young together.

A WESTMINSTER GLOSSARY

[This glossary was composed by Sir Clements Markham, who has given me permission to include it in my Recollections.

Almost all the words found therein were still in use in my time, though the original meaning and derivation of some of them were even then doubtful.

The Westminsters of the present day will no doubt come upon some that have dropped out of use.

Following the example of a clever little compilation called 'Lakeland Words,' lately published, I have in difficult cases given a short example of the use of the word.]

Angelo: The school fencing-master, with rooms on right hand going up St. James's Street.

Ballman: Old man who sold balls and racquets.

Bartlemytide: The autumn holidays.

Bevers: Refreshment between meals. Latin *bibere*, Spanish *beber*; 'Qui si bebe' (or 'beve')—Here one drinks.

Benthall's: The rebuilt boarding-house in Little Dean's Yard, later Rigaud's, later James's.

Bentley: The care-taker at 'fields.' Young Bentley, the son, acted as second professional.

Biddlecomb: A sausage-maker in the Sanctuary.

Bishop's Boys: These boys were on a separate foundation, and wore purple gowns; these were abolished in Liddell's time.

Blue Books: Novels, etc.

Boots: An old idiot who was given to fits, at a shilling each.

Boyd: The baker in Abingdon Street.

Buckhorse: A box on the ear with closed fist, ball of thumb and fingers striking. From the name of an old prize-fighter, who took one for one shilling.

BULLY: The whipped end of a Queen's Scholar's gown sleeve.
BUMMER: A flogging of the first degree.
CANDIDATE: See 'Major' and 'Minor' at election times.
CAPTAIN: The head boy of the senior 'election.'
CAPTAIN OF THE WATER: The fellow who had rowed longest in the eight; if two of same date, then the senior in school.
CAULK: To throw a ball or stone at anyone.
CERBERUS: Keeper of 'the gods' at the Play. See 'Gods.'
CHALLENGES: The examination for entrance to College.
CLERK OF THE WAY: A junior in charge of 'way,' which see.
COACH: An arrangement of three or four pens for the writing of imposes. See p. 199.
COCK-SHY: Something to caulk stones at. 'A jug or top hat would make a fine cock-shy.'
COLLEGE: The dormitory. 'Up College.'
COLLEGERS: Queen's Scholars on the foundation.
COLLEGE JOHN: Head-attendant up College; he also made the rods.
COLLEGE WAISTCOAT: A double-breasted black waistcoat, with cloth sleeves, worn by collegers in first, second, and sometimes third, year.
COLLEY: A grocer in the Sanctuary (gone in 1850).
DERBY CAKES: Procurable at Mother Shotton's.
DEVINE: The milkman, top of Bowling Street.
DIP: A small round glass ink-bottle with short neck, sponge inside.
DITCH-LEAPING: See account of St. David's Day, p. 163.
DOBBS: The hosier by Westminster Hospital.
DOG'S-NOSE: Porter with gin and spice.
EARLY PLAY: No school after breakfast.
ELECTION: The examination of major and minor candidates. See Chapter XV.
ELECTIONS: Four in number: juniors, second, third, and seniors.
EPIGRAMS: Spoken once a year up school, and at election dinners in hall.
EXAMINATION-TABLE: This stood halfway up school, on left—an oblong table, with book cupboard in front for lexicons and books for reference.
EXPOS.: Exposition of Church Catechism—a Monday lesson.
FAG: Various—Ball-fag, cricket-fag, house-fag, shag-fag.
FAIRY: Name (or nickname) of the constable of Dean and Chapter.

FAIR-SHOWING BOOK: Flat square bound book for exercises—excellent as a missile.

FIELDS: Vincent Square, cricket-field, or cricket.

FIGHTING GREEN: Scene of the 'mills' in the cloisters.

FIVE AND A HEADER: A small boys' game, with ball, 'up Grant's.'

FUNNY, HEAVY: Used for towing boats across and splashing.

FUNNY, LIGHT: Sculling boat without outriggers, used in Junior, and latterly in Senior Sculls, bows at each end.

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GINGER: The school bookseller, in College Street.

GODS: The plank at back of the auditorium at the Play, on which the small town boys stood.

GOD-KEEPER: See 'Cerberus.'

GRANT'S: The centre boarding-house in Little Dean's Yard. 'Up Grant's,' 'up Rigaud's.'

GREASE: A squeezing-match, two boys at the ends of a form greasing the boys in the middle into a bunch.

GWILT: A spare plate for bones (obsolete).

HALF-BOARDER: Meals at a boarding-house, slept at home.

HALF-DECKER: A half-decked sailing boat.

HALF-SCHOOL DAYS: No work up school after dinner.

HALL: College hall, where the Queen's Scholars dined, or dining-room in boarding-houses.

HANDER: Punishment on back of hand with rod; might be a three-cutter, a four, five, six, or even a seven cutter.

HELP: A second or third 'election' boy who coached a minor candidate for the challenges.

HOME-BOARDER: Both meals and sleep at home.

HOUSE: (1) A senior's screened-off bunk in dormitory. (2) A boarding-house. 'What house are you up?'

IMPOS. OR IMPOSITION: A punishment—lines to write out.

JACKS: The boatmen who brought the boats across.

JUNIORS: The Queen's Scholars in their first year in College.

KEPT IN: Not allowed out on Saturday.

KEPT OFF: Kept off the water.

LAMPROBATICS: Match between first eleven and the eight; not used in my time. Derivation of word unknown.

LIBERTY BOY: The boy who got head into College. *Liber*, free (from fagging).

LOCKERS: Lock-hours, on afternoons of half-school days, and shutting up at night.

LOST-BOX: An old oak chest which stood halfway up school, on the right; books left up school were placed therein.

MAJOR CANDIDATE: Seniors under examination for Oxford and Cambridge.

MARTIN: The old cobbler in Great College Street (formerly Foote), maker of footballs for the school.

MAUNDY MONEY: See 'Principes.'

MEDLICOTT, MOTHER: Maker of furniture for miniature theatres.

MILL: A fight—either a 'mill' in 'green' or a 'mill' with a 'ski.'

MINOR CANDIDATE: A boy up for the challenges.

MONITORS: The four senior collegers, after the captain of the school.

MONITORS' TABLE: Stood halfway up school, on left; the drawer held the rods.

MONOS: *Monitor ostii*—Queen's Scholar on duty at school steps; acted as school porter during school.

MOTHERS: Both matrons of boarding-houses and female shopkeepers were called 'mothers'—'Mother Shotton,' etc. We never said 'Father Ginger' or 'Father Martin.'

MURLESS: The name of an old boatman who taught swimming in olden times, above Vauxhall Bridge.

MUZZ: To be studious. 'I was muzzing up my Virgil.'

NASH: The school hair-cutter.

NOULTON AND WYLD: Boat-builders above Lambeth Palace. Noulton wore a wig, and sometimes coached the eight.

OLD SWAN: A public-house, on Surrey side, above Battersea Bridge our usual halting-place in our evening pull.

OUT OF SCHOOL: Sick.

PANCAKE GREASE: The rush for the pancake on Shrove Tuesday.

PETTY: The lowest form in Under School.

POKERING A DOOR: Bolting a door by boring a red-hot poker into the floor.

PRINCIPES, OR MAUNDY MONEY: Unmilled silver pieces — penny, twopenny, threepenny, and fourpenny—given as rewards for epigrams up school.

PUNCH-BOWL: A small undecked sailing-boat, broad in the beam.

'QUOR,' OR QUARTER: The call of 'Monos' before evening lockers

RED HOUSE: An old sporting public-house, famous for pigeon-shooting, on Surrey side, between Vauxhall and Battersea; here ditch-leaping took place.

RENSHAW: A boat-builder who let out the half-deckers.

REPETITION: The repetition of all lines learnt during the week—an awful ordeal—on a Saturday morning. 'Kept in' if you failed.

ROBERTS: The old school boat-builder between the river and Lambeth Palace gardens.

ROD-ROOM: A room behind the 'shell' where rods were made; it now forms part of the school.

SACK-WHEY: A drink brewed by Mother Shotton, and drunk behind the scenes on Play nights.

SCOTT'S: Formerly Singleton's. A boarding-house close to the archway from Great Dean's Yard into the Sanctuary. Lloyd had charge of it in my time. Frequented by half-boarders.

SEARLE: The school boat-builder after Roberts gave up; yard nearer Westminster Bridge.

SECOND ELECTION: Boys in their second year in College.

SENIORS: Boys in their fourth and last year in College.

SEVENTH: The highest form in school; abolished in my time, but now revived.

SIXTH: The highest form under Liddell and under Scott. They did all their work in the library.

SHADOW: A new-comer, for whom his 'substance' was answerable.

SHELL: The apse-shaped recess at the upper end of school, now removed. The names and coats of arms formerly on and around the 'shell' were moved back to what was formerly the back-wall of the 'rod-room.'

SHELL, UPPER AND UNDER: In my time the form next below the Sixth; they sat in the 'shell,' and on the set of benches next to the 'shell' on right going up school.

SHOTTON'S: Mother Shotton's, that best of confectioners.

SHOWN UP: Reported by your form master. This led to a 'handing.'

SKI OR SCI: Some say this is derived from *Volsci;* it meant a street boy or rough.

SKIPPING UP TOWN: Going up town, out of bounds, without leave.

STOKER: The man who kept the school pipes hot, in 'Stoker's hole.'

STRAP OIL: This was kept at Martin's; you asked for a penny-worth.

SUBSTANCE: The boy chosen for the charge of a new-comer during his novitiate.

SUTCLIFFE'S: Confectioner's in College Street, frequented by the small fry and home boarders; kept by Mother Sutcliffe.

TANNING: A tanning was a licking in general.

TANNING UP SCHOOL: A serious licking with the butt-end of a rod on the legs, administered for offences against Sixth Form prerogatives or blackguard actions.

TANNING UP COLLEGE: This was for offences against College prerogatives.

THIRD ELECTION: Collegers in their third year.

TOLFREY: The name of the College cook and pancake-tosser in 1846 and thereabouts.

TOWN BOYS: Boys neither on the foundation nor 'Bishop's boys.' They wore plain clothes, tail-coats and stick-ups in Shell and Sixth, jackets and turn-down collars in forms below the Shell.

TRENCHER: The Queen's Scholar's square cap, with tassel, or with diagonal ribbon and bow if in mourning.

UPPER ELECTIONS: 'Third elections' and seniors, remainder being 'lower elections.'

UP: 'Up School,' 'up College,' 'up Grant's,' 'up town,' etc., explain themselves. You went 'up fields' and 'up river,' but not 'up water.'

VICKERS (MOTHER): She kept a lending library in Burton Street.

VICKERS (YOUNG): Her son; painted names up school.

WATER: The river. 'Going on the water;' 'Kept off the water, worse luck!'

WAY: The Queen's Scholars' lavatory, up College.

WHERRY: Either waterman's wherry, or light sculling wherry, or light pair-oars with rudder and long projecting bow and upright stern.

WHITSUNTIDE: Holidays—generally three weeks.

WIRE OR WOODEN RACQUETS: Catgut-strung or all wood.

WRIGHT'S: A public-house in Bowling Street, on left-hand side.

YEATES': A confectioner's at corner of Tothill Street, now swallowed up by Victoria Street.

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